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Choice Poetry.

FROM GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

THE MIDNIGHT VIGIL.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

They say a tempest is abroad to-night—
They tell me of its fearful sights and sounds,
Of driving rains, the rush and wail of winds,
The plunge of torrents down the mountain side,
The far-off boom of thunder, or the crash
And jar of the near burst—the lurid track
Of the quick lightning leaping down the skies!

But deeper midnight and a colder gloom
Enwrap my life;—within my bosom reigns
A wilder, sterner strife, while bows my head,
Bared to the peltings of a mightier storm!
The hour is nigh at hand—the hour that oft
Darkened my childhood's dreams in nights of fear—
Whose icy thought has had strange power to stay
The bounding pulse of joy since first my lips
Essayed to lisp the most beloved name.
Vainly my soul hath struggled—life's best joy
From her close, passionate clasp is torn away!
Her deepest, tenderest, thrice blessed love,
A holy lamp upon a sacred shrine,
Is dying out upon this midnight air!
That soul, so strong with hope and high resolve,
Brave and exultant once, grows faint and shrinks
Now while the wine-press of a mortal grief
Her steps are treading, painfully and slow!
The heart that once unfolded into life
A glowing chalice for its summer sweets,
A glad, wild flower, that only looked to heaven
For dew and sunshine, and smiled back its praise,
That drank in freshness with the morning hours,
And swayed to pleasant airs the livelong day,
Now bruised and broken, bleeds itself away,
Earth cold beneath and heaven all dark above!
This voice hath grown a stranger to mine ear—
Faltering and low its words, half drowned in tears,
Words that of late such merry changes rung.
A frost-like pallor fallen on cheek and lip
Hath kissed their redness—and the eyes that smiled
And looked out gladness from their deepest depths,
Grow wild and darken with a great despair!

Silent I sit amid the waste of grief,
The desolation, the tempestuous gloom,
The deep convulsion of my inmost life,
Save when a prayer of sternest agony,
Like some strong bird, goes forth amid the strife,
Through storm, and darkness and cold, heavy clouds,
Battling its way toward heaven!—its weary way,
Where, 'mid the conflict soon o'ercome, it fails,
Swept down the skies by some relentless power!
But peace, my soul!—He liveth yet, who looked
On woman's grief, and "wept," e'en while his voice
Rebuked the worm, and called the wasting dead,
In life and freshness, forth into the day!
Who took the Jewish maiden by the hand,
And, with one word, gave back to mortal life
A spirit wandering in the deathless land!—
To lose the memory of her hour of heaven
In the sweet sadness of an earthly lot!

Once more my soul lifts up its bitter cry,
The last outpouring of its grief and fear!
Once more falls at Thy feet, and grasps Thy robe,
And will not let Thee go, Master of Life!
Oh! by the memory of *her* love whose eyes
Looked tender adoration on Thee first,
Who warmed Thee at her bosom, when the airs
Of life's first morning breathed upon Thy form,
And Bethlehem's dews made coolness round Thy feet!
Oh! by that love, still faithful when the child
Put on the name and presence of the God,
And went forth, bearing on His mighty heart
The crime and death and sorrow of a world;—
Still true, 'mid want, and wrong and jeering scorn,
And hate's mad tempest beating on Thy life,
To that dread hour when heaven was veiled in gloom,
And nature trembled and cried out in fear!
And by *Thy* human love, divinely sweet,
Which yearned for her caress to comfort Thee
In Thy long exile from Thy heavenly home;
Which, in the last hour lived upon Thy lips
In words of tenderness, and from Thine eyes
Struggled through mists of death in mute farewell!
Oh! by Thy love, Thy sorrow and Thy pain—
By all the tears Thou'st shed for human wo,
Let the imploring passion of my soul
Come up before Thee at this midnight hour!
Break not "the bruised reed," most merciful!
Stay Thou the bleeding of the wounded heart!
Give back its dearest treasure even now!
Draw near, oh, Lord of Life! and gently take
The hand of our beloved in Thine own,
And say to her "*Arise!*"

Pictures of Life.

ISABEL DENISON.

A Story of the Heart.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER XV.

Oh! star of strength, I see thee stand,
And smile upon my pain;
Thou beckonest with thy mailed hand,
And I am strong again. *Longfellow.*

The slow days passed away. The weariness and desolation of sorrow came over Isabel's heart; but she had motives for concealment, and she tried, to the uttermost, to be as gay as she had lately been. If she did not succeed, it created no uneasiness—Mr. and Mrs. Denison watched her anxiously, but not fearfully; they confidently expected that their wishes for her were about to be fulfilled.

One evening, about five days after her interview with Clarence, as she came home from a dinner to which she had dragged her weary body, and wearier mind, a letter was put into her hands; she hurried with it to her room—at any rate, she should hear from Clarence once more. She had begun to dread that he would go without a word or sign. The letter was as follows:—

DOVER STREET, Tuesday.

I said you should hear from me again, when my plans were arranged. They are settled now. I am going far, far away. Do not think me rash. I have thought much—I have not done it hastily; but as it must be. I know what life was before I knew you—how wearisome, how insipid—I know what it will be now, when I have known and lost you—what—I dare not think. I cannot bear it. Sir William Seymour has offered to take me on his staff to India. We sail on Saturday. Again I say, do not think me rash or selfish. This is no new idea; once or twice before now I have been on the point of going there. God bless you, dearest Isabel! May I once more call you so? Forgive me, if I was harsh or violent; I did not—I do not blame you. I have been too presumptuous; I had not a doubt—not a fear—I thought our hearts were clear as day to each other—it was a bright dream; but it is passed—I was unworthy of such happiness.

I try to think of you happy with another, but I cannot do it. Forgive me, Isabel—[Here followed some lines carefully erased.]

I would not give you pain—I would conceal from you how miserable I am; but I am selfish, and I must have you know, Isabel, how I have loved you, and how my heart is broken—unless—sometimes I have wild visions that you will relent—that you will recall me—that we shall be happy—happier than ever! If it were so—but no—I scarcely know what I say. God bless you, dearest Isabel! I shall not forget you in that far land to which I am going. CLARENCE BROKE.

She pressed her hand to her eyes—to her heart—after reading this letter; then sate down to answer it.

I must not stop—I must not think—I hardly know now what is right, for I am very weak; but I feel I must not change—must not even tell you how wretched I am, except that wretchedness of knowing that you are unhappy. I think I must have done right, for I am very miserable. God bless you, Clarence! Take care of yourself—I may not say for my sake—but take care of yourself; and—I trust you may be happy. Forgive me.
ISABEL DENISON.

When Isabel went down to breakfast the following morning, Mr. Denison was standing in the window, with a letter in his hand, and his brow was clouded as if in anger. After a time, he sate down to breakfast, and again read the letter before he laid it beside him. He glanced at Isabel.

"What is this sudden fancy of Clarence's going to India?" he said, looking earnestly at her. "Do you know any thing of it, Isabel?"

"He told me he was going," she murmured, with a quivering lip, and her pale cheek grew scarlet.

The anger passed from her father's brow, though the gravity remained. He saw that his child was suffering—it was enough. They finished breakfast almost in silence. When it was over, Isabel wandered listlessly to the window, and stood there in silent, painful thought. Mr. Denison joined her.—He looked very grave.

"What is this, Isabel? Clarence is going. Why is it—is it your doing?"

She was silent.

"Answer me, Isabel—I desire it."

"Oh, papa! in a few days I will tell you every thing, if you will but trust me for a few days. I believe—I am almost sure—I am doing right. Will you trust me?"

"But then Clarence will be gone." She was silent. "Answer me only this, Isabel—Does Clarence love you, and do you love him, my child?"

She attempted to answer, but the words died away. "Oh, papa! pray trust me," she said, imploringly, and the earnest look of her beautiful eyes few could resist. Mr. Denison could not.

"I suppose I must let you have your own way," he said, reluctantly; "but remember this, my dear child, there is no remorse so great as that of wounding the heart that loves you." He spoke as if from his soul.

"I know it, papa," she said, in a low voice.

Mr. Denison looked anxiously at her downcast and troubled countenance, but it betrayed nothing more. He was at all times a great enemy to interference; he hated it from others in his own concerns, and on this subject, at least, he acted on the rule—"Do unto others as you would have them do to you;" and, though mortified, and disappointed, he thought it best to leave it for the present.

"I have had a letter from Clarence this morning; you may read it if you please;" and, as he turned away, he placed it in her hands. She took it to her own room.

In this letter he merely told Mr. Denison of his intention to go to India, saying it would be disagreeable to him to remain in England. "I am afraid," he concluded, "that the resignation of my seat in Parliament will be a disappointment to my father. I leave it, therefore, in your hands, with a request that you will tell him of it, and arrange about my resignation when I am gone. I suppose it cannot be till Parliament meets. I leave an address to my constituents with you, which I now inclose. I have arranged with my cousin, Hervey Broke, to stand, unless my brother should change his mind.—My majority was so great, that I think there will be no contest; but, if there should be, I have plenty of money to assist in it. Hervey is very glad to stand, and he is very popular. All my intentions are secret. I sail on Saturday, and go down to-night to my father; but I shall only tell him that I am going abroad. I leave every thing in your hands."

Isabel laid down the letter with an oppression of heart such as she had not yet felt. It seemed as if she was bringing sorrow and disappointment on all the world, and wild thoughts of change, of relenting, recalling, floated through her mind. Then arose visions of herself as Clarence's happy wife, and Herbert was forgotten. She raised her eyes, bright and flashing with the thought, and again they rested on the pure and holy brow of the picture, which hung opposite to the place where she was sitting. With a feeling of superstitious fear she got up and stood before it; and with her gaze fixed on those serious, but serene eyes, she returned to the thought which but a moment before had made her happy. But their power was failing.—Was it possible that she could thus forsake Herbert, and become Clarence's bright and happy wife?—Shuddering, she shrunk from the thought. No, when Clarence was gone, she would go to him, she would tell him all, and then—

"And thou," she said, mentally addressing the picture, as if it were a living being, "hast thou known sorrow and care? Was that serene brow ever troubled with anguish? Were the depths of those pure eyes ever agitated with earthly passions? Didst thou ever feel as we feel, and is it thy faith and thy love that causes thee to triumph thus—?" As she gazed, the unutterable calmness seemed to sink into her own soul, and the temptation passed away.

Nearly a week was gone, and Isabel had heard no more. A calmer sorrow had succeeded to the agitation of her spirit—a hope which the young often feel had arisen, that something, some unforeseen event, would occur, to make them all happy—that it was unnatural to be so very miserable—that all would still turn out well.

In this mood of mind, which had been growing up for some days, she went down one morning to breakfast. Mrs. Denison was reading a letter as she went into the room, and her eyes were full of tears. After a moment she gave it to Mr. Denison, who laid it by his side. A cold chill struck on Isabel's heart, a vague terror came over her mind, but she sate down quietly as usual, and attempted to eat.

Mr. Denison spoke once or twice, but a weight seemed to lie upon the hearts of all. When breakfast was almost over, he got up, and laid the letter open before Isabel; it was dated—

THE AMAZON, PORTSMOUTH,
Monday, Half past Four.

We are just off, but I could not leave England without thanking you and Emmeline a thousand, thousand times for all your kindness to me. I have been very happy with you all, and I shall not easily forget it. It was more than I deserved, more than I am ever likely to meet with again. God bless you all! CLARENCE BROKE.

The letter lay there before her, but tears so blinded her eyes, that she scarcely could read a line.—Clarence was gone—actually gone—that was all she saw. She bent her head over the table to conceal her face, to gain time to master the emotion of her breaking heart; but the excitement of overwrought feeling would not this once be controlled, and, suddenly starting up, she hurried out of the room.

Mr. Denison shook his head, and put his hand over his eyes. "I cannot understand it," he said, at last. "You must go to her, Emmeline, and see if you can make it out. I am afraid I was wrong to leave her to herself."

Mrs. Denison softly opened the door of Isabel's room, then stopped, pained and shocked, at the sight of her excessive sorrow. She was one of those who rarely, very rarely shed tears, and when "the waters of her heart's lone, awful world" did rise, the violence of their agitation, the agony of their falling, was very different from the calming effect of tears on those who shed them easily and naturally. To her they were

"Storm of the heart, from troubled fountain gushing,
Wild burning tear;
From inward passion to the surface rushing,
Convulsive there,
Expressing all the stormy spirit's woe,
Working below."

She was now half sitting, half lying on her bed, weeping as passionately as a child. She did not hear the door open, did not see Mrs. Denison till Emmeline stood close beside her, and gently touched her arm; but at the sight she was calm at once, and, humbled and ashamed, stood up before her.

"Don't look at me, don't think of me," she said, imploringly; "don't tell papa that you found me so unhappy. I will come down to him directly, and confess to him every thing; will you go and tell him so? Dear Mrs. Denison, don't think very ill of me for this!"

"Why should I think ill of you, dear Isabel?" she said, gently; "I only wish that you would confide in me, and that I could help you. It is not right, it is not kind, to keep all your sorrow to yourself. I will not stay now, I am sure you had rather be alone. I only came from your father. Will you remember, dearest, how anxious he is about you, and try not to make him unhappy?"

"I will come directly; I will remember, indeed, I will. I am afraid I am very selfish. Oh, Herbert, Herbert!" she said, as Mrs. Denison closed the door, going despairingly toward the picture which was so entirely associated with him in her mind, "if you knew how wretched I am, I am sure you would pity and forgive me!"

About half an hour afterward, having washed her face, and smoothed her hair, and, as far as she could, banished the traces of her sorrow, she went down to her father's room. Mr. Denison was walking up and down the room, awaiting her, in apparently great perturbation of spirit. As she came in, he sate down. She went and stood by a table near him.

"Well, Isabel," he said, after a silence, "what is all this? why is Clarence gone?"

"I am come to tell you, papa," and she stopped.

"Won't you sit down, my dear child," he said, more tenderly, as he saw how her limbs trembled.

"No, thank you, papa, I had rather stand; I will tell you all, directly. Last year before you came to England, I made acquaintance with Mr. Herbert Grey. After a time we were engaged to be married, for I loved him, or I thought I did."

"Who is Mr. Herbert Grey?" asked her father, without any comment, or expression of surprise.

"I don't know exactly; he is the son of some General Grey, but I knew him as curate of Ellerton." She paused, but Mr. Denison made no further remark, and she went on again. "When you sent for me, papa, he released me from my engagement; for, indeed, he is very good. He said that you might not approve—that I might change—that we must be free—and we were free." Here she came to a dead stop.

"And you have changed, Isabel? Is that what you would say? This does not surprise me. But why on earth," he continued, rather impatiently, "being thus free, and preferring, as I suppose, Clarence to this Mr. Grey—why on earth have you let Clarence go?"

"Oh! papa, I was free in word; but was I, could I be free in honor? I told him," she added in a voice of shame and misery, "that it was impossible I could forget him, and now—"

"And now you have forgotten him. This does not seem to me very surprising—it could hardly have been otherwise."

"But it should have been otherwise," she said eagerly. "Oh! papa, you do not know Herbert Grey—how good, how noble he is! He will not blame me—he will release me, I know. This is what makes me doubly wretched. If he did not love me so much as to forget himself, I think I could bear it better."

Mr. Denison was touched by her tone of sorrow and remorse. "You do not wish to marry Mr. Grey, then, my child? Tell me what you wish."

"Oh, no, papa, I could not marry him now—every vow would be false—unless he commanded it," she added, after a moment's pause; "but he will not do that. No, it is easy now. Since Clarence is gone, I can go to him with my misery, and tell him all."

Mr. Denison was a man of deep, and occasionally violent feeling; but the sufferings of one like Isabel he did not understand. He could not even imagine her sense of degradation as she thought of her broken faith, or the bitterness of her anguish in the remembrance of all the sorrow she had caused. He was touched, however, by her looks of hopeless wretchedness, and a strange likeness to his own early history affected him more than he was willing to show. Her sacrifice, also, though he called it romantic, though he would himself have been incapable of it, perhaps for that reason, he admired the more. He got up, and walked to the window, and stood there in deep thought.

After a few minutes, Isabel approached him. "Have I grieved you, too, papa? I think I can bear every thing but that; but I cannot bear to grieve, to disappoint you."

"No, my child," he said, in a tone of great affection, "you have not grieved me, except so far as I am grieved to see you unhappy."

"And do you blame me, papa, very, very much?"

"No, Isabel—you have acted 'not wisely,' perhaps," and he smiled slightly, "'but too well!' I mean as regards this last part of the business. For the other, you know better than I do what you have done." She made a movement as if her former conduct were past reproach, past judgment. "Go now, my child, and lie down. If I blame you, which I have scarcely a right to do, believe me, I feel for you more than I blame." He kissed her affectionately, and with a mind in some degree calmed and relieved by her father's kindness and her father's love, she left the room.

CHAPTER XVI.

I am not what I was—the time's gone by,
When, bright and cloudless as the summer's sky,
My day of life began;
When all was music to my raptured ear,
And, bounding onward without grief or fear,
Eager my course I ran.

I am not what I was—the sense of youth,
And hope, and joyous feeling, and the truth
Of earth hath passed away.
The heart that once throbbed high with health and life
Beats faint and wearied with the ceaseless strife
Which there has held its sway. G. B.

With some little difficulty, Isabel obtained Mr. Denison's leave to go down to Ellerton. He dreaded the agitation for her excited mind, but she urged her request so vehemently, that at last he gave way.

To see Herbert, however painful it might be, herself—to tell him all, not by letter, but by word; this she felt would make the whole difference, at the present time and in future, both to herself and to him.

It was at the latter end of August that she set out, with a heavy heart, upon her journey.

"You have a finer day for your journey than we had, when we travelled together a few months ago," said Charles Denison, as he put her into the carriage. "May it have as prosperous an end!" and he kindly pressed her hand. He had received some inkling from Mrs. Denison as to the cause of this sudden visit to Ellerton.

Annie, who accompanied her young mistress, was in a state of most violent excitement, partly at returning with her grandeur and her knowledge of the world to her native village, but still more with curiosity to know what the exact cause of this return could be.

Clarence's departure and Isabel's pale cheeks had given rise, as might be expected, to much interest and speculation on the part of the servants; but they had been unable to come to any satisfactory conclusion, till Annie's hints of "such a handsome young man" in the country, and this sudden journey to Ellerton, began to throw some light on the question. Even now, however, it was wrapped in great darkness, for Isabel's appearance was not much like that of a girl's happy return to a happy lover; and Annie's mind was bursting with the desire to obtain some information. She was in consequence disposed to be communicative; and Isabel, who rarely checked her, found it difficult to check her now. At last, saying, and most truly, that she had a bad headache, she asked Annie if she would like to read, and handing her the "Quarterly Review," which she had provided for herself as a defence against her companion's conversational powers, she threw herself back in the carriage, for the indulgence of her own sad thoughts. It might as well have been Greek as English, so far as Annie's understanding was concerned; but she thought it rather grand to read it, and turned over the pages for some time with great interest. As they drew near to Ellerton, however, her excitement could no longer be controlled. It was just dusk. Isabel had left London late, in order to be late at Ellerton, to escape curious eyes, and still more, to escape for one night the dreaded meeting with Herbert. She was rather troubled at the bright twilight which followed, in the country, the glorious sunny day. For the last few miles, Annie passed her time in exclamations, assurances that they were just there, and impatience at every fresh disappointment. At last, after many failures, her prophetic powers were justified—they were just there. As they swept round a corner, they came in sight of the tower of the old church.

Our Portrait Gallery.

GENERAL JOSEPH BEM.

This distinguished officer is occupying a large share of the public attention at the present time. When the first troubles broke out in Vienna, he was Commander-in-Chief of the troops of that city. He is now the second in command of the Hungarian forces under Kossuth, and was in command of that body of the Hungarians which gained the recent splendid victory over the Russian invaders, as narrated in our last number.

"And there's the pond and the willows, miss!" said Annie, with a scream. "I declare I remember it all as if it were yesterday."

"It would be strange, indeed, if you had forgotten it," said Isabel, smiling.

"I don't know that, miss—it isn't every body who sees the world and comes back unaltered to their native air."

Isabel felt a strange rebuke in the words, and was silent.

Annie popped her head out of the window. "There's Mr. Grey, I do declare!"

The blood rushed violently to Isabel's heart and to her cheeks. She had never even contemplated such a meeting as this. "Oh! no," continued Annie, perfectly unconscious of the pain her remarks had given, "I'm sure, I beg Mr. Grey's pardon—it was the long legs as misled me; it's only young Mr. Cox, the brewer."

At last, they drew up at the cottage door. Isabel had given no hint even of the likelihood of her visit. Attracted by the unusual sound, Mrs. and Miss Shepherd came to the window; the next moment she was in their arms. Miss Shepherd was silent from surprise and joy; and even Mrs. Shepherd could only exclaim, once or twice, with great fervor, "Bless me! bless my soul!"

"Let me be alone with you this night," said Isabel, as she saw Mrs. Shepherd's eyes straining down the hill, as if they could penetrate into Mr. Price's house; "shall it not be so, Aunt Rachel?"

"Very well, my dear, that is just what I feel myself, and I am very glad you feel it, too; for I was just thinking what a many friends there are in Ellerton would be glad to come up and drink tea with you to-night; and no wonder, my dear, considering how long it is since we've seen you. But bless me, what do we stand here for?" and she led the way into the house.

"Ellerton is very lovely, Aunt Rachel," said Isabel, turning again, as she stood in the door-way, to gaze.

"Do you still think so, my dear child?" said her aunt; and a smile of unusual brightness passed over her face.

An hour afterward, they sate at tea in the little drawing-room. The familiar appearance of her childhood's home, the loving eyes that rested upon her face, the fresh, soft, perfumed air of the country, which blew in at the open trellised window—all assisted to calm Isabel's mind; and, with the strange elastic power of youth, she seemed for the time to throw off the weight of her sorrow, and entered with amusement, if not with interest, into the news of the place, which Mrs. Shepherd detailed for her advantage.

"Well, my dear Charlotte was safely confined this morning. You had not heard the news, I suppose—no, how should you? And so she's got twins this time."

"Twins!" repeated Isabel, in horror.

"Well, my dear, I was surprised, too, when first I heard of it. Not quite a year since Sarah Jane was born; but we can't always settle these things just as we please, and I dare say it's for the best, as I tell Charlotte. I was surprised, though, when she first mentioned it to me. I don't mean the twins; of course she did not mention that."

"I hope, at any rate, that they are little boys," inquired Isabel.

"So I hoped, my dear, and so I expected; and I told Charlotte that it would be so—that is, I thought there would be one boy; I never thought of the twins—*that* was quite a surprise; but I was wrong, as I am sometimes—two little girls! Charlotte is very much disappointed, indeed, but Mr. Jones laughs about it. He says he shall call them Silly and Cherubs. I didn't quite understand why, but he likes his joke."

"Scylla and Charybdis," said Rachel, smiling quietly.

"All the other little things are quite well. Amy says, every day, 'When will Isabel come back to me?' She misses you very much, my dear; so we all do; but no matter about that now. Let me see, I suppose Rachel told you that Elizabeth Chapman is going to be married to young Mr. Franklin."

"No, she didn't. Aunt Rachel very seldom tells me any news; but I'm very glad to hear this. What does Miss Bridges say to it?"

"I don't much think she likes it," said Mrs. Shepherd, confidentially. "She said that she thought Mr. Franklin had made a bad choice—that Laura was much the sweeter girl of the two. Now, my dear, Elizabeth is worth six of Laura, we think."

"So do I," said Isabel, smiling; "Laura is the cleverest, but Elizabeth is a good girl."

"Yes, my dear, exactly. I know you always think as we do. How happy it makes me to see you here again, quite unchanged!" Isabel's brow clouded at once. "Just the same; a little paler, perhaps; but that may be the heat. I felt it hot myself, when I was in the sun."

"Did you expect to find me changed?" asked Isabel, sadly.

"No, my dear, I never thought you would change. Rachel, sometimes, and Mr. Grey, once, did say that we must not be surprised if you were not quite the same; but they will see I was right, won't they, my dear?"

Mrs. Shepherd did not wait for an answer, and *her* eyes did not see the deep blush which was too silent reply to her question.

When they went up to bed, Rachel followed Isabel to her room, and, setting down her candle on the table, approached her, and looked anxiously in her face.

"I am not deceived, Isabel—you are not happy, dearest—tell me what is the matter with you."

Isabel withdrew from the light, and, sitting down in the window-seat, looked out into the night. "I was going to you, presently, Aunt Rachel, to talk to you." She paused. "Did you then expect to find me changed?" she asked, after a moment, in a faltering voice.

Rachel looked earnestly at her niece, and a fear shot through her mind, but she answered, with her usual calm voice, "No, my dear Isabel. I thought it possible, but I did not—I do not expect it."

"But it is so, Aunt Rachel! I am changed, utterly changed. Oh, do not despise me!" and turning her head away, in a rapid manner, she told her sad history.

Miss Shepherd was surprised and shocked; but, for the first time, her love for Isabel made her seek for excuses before she unflinchingly condemned error.

"I think you are needlessly unhappy, dearest.—The world is often exciting and dazzling at first, but with you, Isabel, it cannot be so for long. All this will pass away, and then Herbert will be more to you than ever."

"No, Aunt Rachel," she said, shaking her head, mournfully; "that will not be—that which I feel cannot pass away. It is not the world that blinds me; it is, that another, that love for another, has taken away all my heart from him."

"But think how you once loved Herbert. Surely, Isabel, the past cannot all be forgotten."

"Forgotten! no. Would that it could!" She paused, then got up, and laid her hand on Miss Shepherd's arm. For an instant she raised her large melancholy eyes to her face, then fixed them on the ground.

"Hear me, Aunt Rachel," she said, almost solemnly. "I love Lord Clarence as I never loved Herbert; so different is the feeling, that I sometimes doubt if I ever loved Herbert at all. When Herbert was with me, my thoughts often wandered from him; when he was absent they were not always following him. Now, sleeping or waking, alone, or with others, my thoughts are always with Clarence. I often wished that Herbert had been other than he was; often and often, when he was grave, I wished he would smile, and be more gay. Now though I know that Clarence is not perfect, he is perfect to me. Whatever he says or looks or does, I would not have him otherwise than he is. If Herbert had left me and had loved another, I should have been indignant, proud, angry; I should have had power to be so. Now if Clarence ever should love another—" she paused, and closed her eyes, and the sentence was not finished. "I sometimes think," she continued, and she raised her eyes, and a crimson blush covered her face, "that it is not love but idolatry."

"But, Isabel, my child—" Miss Shepherd began.

"I know what you would say," she interrupted, in the same unusual, excited manner; "I know how wrong it is to feel, to speak, as I do—you cannot blame me more than I blame myself. It is not to boast of it that I have told you this, but only that you may know that it is in vain to plead, in vain to speak—it is impossible that I can love Herbert again. I know how wrong it is," and her manner changed to one of deep sadness; "and now the time is come to overcome it, and to suffer for it;" and as she spoke, a single tear fell slowly down her cheek.

Rachel made no remark—no reproach—offered no advice. She sighed deeply, such a sigh as persons of a calm, strong nature, who have no experience in, who perhaps are not capable of the more violent emotions, heave for those whom they behold suffering under the mysterious agitations of passions unknown to themselves.

At length she took up her candle, and kissed Isabel with unusual tenderness. "Sleep, my dearest child," she said; "I will pray for you."

CHAPTER XVII.

None can deem harshlier of me than I deem.
Byron.

Si tu savais comme je t'aime,
Bien sur toi même tu m'aimerais.—*Romance.*

Better trust all and be deceived,
And weep that trust, and that deceiving,
Than doubt one heart that, if believed,
Had blessed one's life with that believing.
Mrs. Butler.

Early on the following morning, Isabel sent to announce her arrival to Herbert Grey, and begged that he would come to see her at twelve o'clock.

It is not to be supposed that the news of her coming had reached him then for the first time.—He had heard of it the night before, with wonder and instinctive fear; but he waited—he would not, by seeking her unsummoned, seem to remind her of the rights which he had renounced.

She closed the shutters of the little drawing-room, and sate down on the sofa to await him. As the clock struck twelve, he was in the room; and after a separation of nine months, they who had parted, free indeed, and yet as plighted, promised lovers, met again.

Isabel got up to receive him, as he advanced to take her hand; but she made no step forward—the hand he took on that burning summer day was cold as ice—it seemed to chill him to the heart. He dropped it, and sate down in silence at the table opposite her. The silence continued; what words of common intercourse, what events of common life could interest hearts occupied like these?

But, though in silence, Herbert perused the pale and suffering countenance of her he loved so truly; and while the feelings he read there made his own heart beat with fear and anguish, his thought was only of her.

He spoke at last. "You have come back to Ellerton in sorrow, dearest Isabel. Will you not speak to me? You are unhappy—will you not let me comfort you?"

The gentle, earnest tones of his voice thrilled through her soul, and she could not answer him—she could not break his heart.

He saw her increasing agitation; and though every moment added to the turmoil in his own breast—though the voice of selfish fear called upon him louder and louder, still his thought, his anxiety, was for her. He got up, and sate on the sofa beside her.

"What is it, dearest Isabel? Will you not speak to me?" He paused. "Do not fear; I am prepared for every thing you can tell me."

"Are you prepared, Herbert?" she said, looking suddenly up—"are you prepared to know that I am false, false—that I have forgotten you—that I love another?"

The confession was made—she had forced herself to meet the eyes of him whom she had forsaken; now burying her face in her hands, she laid her head upon the table, while a sigh of mingled shame, anguish, and relief, burst as from the depths of her heart.

There was a long silence. She was startled by the sound of the door closing. She looked up—Herbert was gone.

Prepared as he had thought himself for this—for all things—though he had schooled himself to believe that it might—that it would be so; yet how large a portion of hope is there in what we call hopelessness! He could not now hear from her own lips that he was forgotten—he could not sit beside her, and feel that she was lost to him forever, without an agony which threatened to overmaster him. But still it was of her he thought. She should not know what her faithlessness cost him—his uncontrollable anguish she should not see—in solitude it should have its sway—in solitude it should be conquered—and then he would return and comfort her.

And truly it was well; for had she seen Herbert in the loneliness of his own room—Herbert, strong, self-possessed, and holy as he was, it must have broken her heart. Evil spirits, which long since he thought had left him, never to return, came to him in that hour—spirits of burning jealousy, hatred, and revenge, repinings at his own hard fate, doomed, as he seemed, to love so passionately, and never to be loved!—dark, doubting, despairing thoughts of rebellion and distrust—the worst, the dreariest attendants of the hours of trial.

In solitude these enemies were met—in solitude they were conquered. The storm and tempest of passion passed, and hope and confidence came again—that all things, even this last, most bitter cup, were ordered for his good.

Almost immediately on leaving the cottage, he had sent a note to Miss Shepherd, to beg that Isabel might not be distressed about him. He would not conceal from her, he said, that it cost him a pang to resign her, which was best struggled with alone; but that, in the evening, he should be quite himself, and he hoped he might come to her again, and assist her, if it was in his power.

Isabel sate in the same place, in the bright twilight of that evening, awaiting Herbert's return.—The hours had passed—how she knew not; she was too wretched even to think. And again he stood before her, and, as he took her hand, he smiled upon her. Though he tried, however, to the uttermost, he could not efface the marks which the struggles of the day had left upon his face, and she shuddered as she saw the deadly paleness of his cheek.

"Oh, Herbert! why do you smile—why do you look so kindly at me? I should not be so miserable if you would but reproach me."

"I have nothing to reproach you with, dearest Isabel. You chose me in comparative solitude, when you had seen none but me; I knew it would be thus when you met with others more worthy of you. I would have made you happy—I must have made you happy, if—" he paused, for he feared to say any thing that might wound her—"if I had been allowed to do so; but my best, my only wish is for your happiness. Selfish thoughts will intrude; but, believe me, dearest Isabel, if you are happy, I shall be happy, too."

"I cannot bear this," said Isabel, rising hastily from the place where she sate, and walking to the window. "You make me feel so utterly—utterly selfish!"

As she stood there, thoughts of yielding—of sacrificing herself—passed quickly through her mind. What sorrow in the world could be greater than that which she felt in that moment! She threw open the window wider, and gazed on the rays of lingering sunshine still streaking the sky, while the evening air blew calmly and freshly upon her face; and, as she gazed, a sunshine on the sea, and a breeze from the ocean, came into her mind, and Clarence—Clarence—

She walked back to the sofa. "Oh! Herbert!" she said, as she sat down again, with an expression of hopeless sorrow, "you do not know how miserable I am."

He had not moved—he almost started now. "If it is about me, Isabel, be miserable no more. If it is about another—will you not tell me all dearest? I would assist you, or I would comfort you. Will you tell me who is so happy?" he asked, in a voice which trembled in spite of himself.

"No matter who; he is not happy—he is gone far, far away."

"Gone!" and a flash of hope, sharp and agonizing as despair, so wild, so short its gleam, shot through his breast.

"You did not think I had forsaken you, and was going to marry another, Herbert? No, whatever I may be, not so false, not so heartless as that. No," she continued, rising again, and standing before him; "I do not acknowledge myself to be free—bound to you, Herbert, by every tie of honor and of gratitude; and yet it is to you yourself that I come to confess my love for another, and to ask you to forgive and release me. Hear me, Herbert, hear me," she continued, "I love him even as I think you love me. I am in your hands—I will do whatever you command me." As she spoke, as if by an impulse she could not resist, with her arms crossed and her head sunk, she kneeled at his feet.

For a moment he did not attempt to answer her—he did not raise her from the ground; for a moment he pressed his hand to his throbbing brow, to still the tumult of his thoughts; for, in that hour of faithlessness, and even with the confession of it upon her lips, he felt that she was dearer—far dearer than ever. Then, in the dead silence of the room, sweet and clear his answer came, and, as it rose above her head, it sounded to her ears as the voice of an angel.

"I thank you, Isabel, I thank you for your confidence, your openness, your truth; the world can never be dark to me, while such as you inhabit it. You are free, if indeed you wait my words to release you, and may God give you happiness! You have my forgiveness, dearest, though you need it not, for I have nothing to forgive; and, while life endures," he continued, in a voice still clear, though it began to tremble, "you shall have my prayers and my blessing. Take it," he said, and, rising and gently laying his hand upon her bended head, he spoke the words of peace and blessing, which, before now, have stilled many a tried and broken heart.

As he concluded, he turned to go abruptly away, for he felt as if a parting he could not endure. But Isabel stopped him in the doorway.

"I will not detain you, Herbert," she said, gently and humbly, "only I would tell you—I must tell you—how I thank you and bless you."

As she spoke, she took his burning hand in her cold grasp. He cast upon her one last long look, and was gone. As the door closed, and the excitement passed, Isabel fell lifeless on the ground.

Mrs. Shepherd and Rachel sat in the small back room. Rachel had taken this opportunity to break the change to her aunt, with an unconscious tone of kindness and excuse for Isabel; and the communication made, she sat in this anxious hour, hearing, but not listening to the questions, exclamations, and remarks which fell from the old lady.

"Bless me! you don't say so? Poor thing! and is this the cause of her pale cheeks, and her eyes, which make me sad to look at? Bless me, what a change! I always knew how it would be; I never liked this London business, I never did. What business had a fine young man to make mischief in this way? What will Herbert do now? Bless my soul! I suppose I must call him Mr. Grey again! He'll want a wife sadly, after thinking he'd got one for so long. Well a day! I never thought of this!"

Rachel sat in deep thought. The blow she had received from her child, her pupil was great indeed—but love for Isabel conquered in the struggle with the condemnation of her weakness. Her thoughts were of the disappointments of life—of the dangers of the world.

The door slowly opened, and Herbert stood in the entrance—so changed his face, it cut Rachel to the soul.

"You had better go to Isabel, Miss Shepherd," he said, in a very low voice. "I am sure she is very tired."

He half turned to go, then silently came back, and shook the hand of each.

"Bless me, if Herbert don't look just like a ghost!" exclaimed Mrs. Shepherd, with tears in her eyes.

"Oh, Isabel! I cannot forgive you!" cried Rachel, as she hurried to her niece.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The nymph must lose her female friend,
If more admired than she.—*Cowper.*

It was the morning after the meeting and the parting of Herbert Grey and Isabel.

The two Miss Chapmans sat in the little room fronting the street. Laura, as usual, was leaning against the window. Elizabeth, who, since her attachment and consequent engagement to Mr. Franklin, a sensible young man, had become much more discreet, was working at the other end of the room.

After two or three comments on what was passing in the street, Laura called to her sister—

"Here comes Matilda Bridges. I'll bet any money she comes to see if she can find out anything about Miss Denison!"

Miss Bridges came hastily into the room. She had a peculiarly noisy, bustling way of walking—"How d'ye do, Laura?—Good morning, Elizabeth. Well, is there anything to see?" As she joined Laura at the window, "Have you seen Miss Denison, yet?"

"I said you came about that," remarked Laura. "I knew you would be curious."

"Curious!—why, yes, it is a very curious proceeding, indeed. Here she has been away for nearly a year, and suddenly down she comes, shuts herself up in the cottage—nobody is allowed to set eyes on her, and, as I hear, she goes again to-morrow! It is very curious—and I can't say I like it, or understand it."

"I see nothing to understand," observed Elizabeth. "She came down to see her aunt, and very properly."

"Oh, yes! very dutiful, indeed; but people don't come down in this way on duty, at the risk of sending their relations into fits."

"That's all nonsense, Matilda," said Laura. "you know very well Miss Shepherd would not go into a fit if we all lay down, and die in her presence;—but I'm quite of your opinion, Miss Denison came down on some other business. Do you know, I think you were wrong, after all. I suspect very much that there *is* something going on with Mr. Grey."

"No, you don't say so?" said Miss Bridges, fidgetting. "What have you seen?—have you heard anything?—I always did say, you know, that she tried to get hold of him, the way she put her eyes up was quite shocking to see."

"There never was any doubt that Mr. Grey paid attentions to Miss Denison," again observed Elizabeth, perhaps not without a secret pleasure in tormenting Miss Bridges.

The latter took no notice of the remark, but again eagerly appealed to Laura for her information.

"Oh, I didn't see much, but I'm quite sure of this—Mr. Grey had a note from the cottage, early yesterday morning, for I saw the boy come down the hill with it, and Mr. Grey's boy took it in. Well, later in the day, I was just looking out again, and I saw Mr. Grey, my goodness! so white, and walking so quick, come down the hill, and go into the house, and then he shut the window of his room, quite with a jar. I heard it here."

"Good gracious! Laura, what can it all be about! I wish you had sent for me yesterday. I'm sure I should have made out something. Have you seen Mr. Grey, to-day?"

"No, though I have been watching all the morning. He never once has opened his window, though it is so hot, and I don't think he can have gone out without my seeing him."

"I'll tell you what it is," said Miss Bridges, after some thought. "Miss Denison has found somebody else to flirt with, and Mr. Grey has heard of it—What do you think?—I never thought she would be satisfied with one person, with those eyes of hers, if she could have more."

"Oh, good gracious, Elizabeth!—come here!" screamed Laura, "here is Miss Denison, herself, walking down the street with Miss Shepherd.—Come, and look."

Elizabeth was interested enough to go to the window for an instant. There was, perhaps, a little affectation of superiority to very natural curiosity, in the single glance she gave, and the immediate return to her work.

"Well, I never saw anything equal to this," said Miss Bridges, "parading the streets of Ellerton, in such a dress! I suppose she thinks we shall be envious of her finery."

"I can't say I see anything very fine," said Laura, good-naturedly. "Miss Denison was always fond of white, and a black scarf and a straw bonnet is not so very grand. What pretty green ribbons!"

"I didn't say she was fine, but she thinks she is, marching along with her six flounces, I do believe. I wouldn't have her think I was looking at her for the whole world!" And with a pang of virtuous self-denial, Miss Bridges tore herself from the window.

"My goodness, Elizabeth, she's coming in!" screamed Laura. "Here, make haste—just settle my gown."

In her agitated escape from the window, she overset one table and two chairs, while Miss Bridges trod on the little dog's tail.

In compliance with her aunt's earnest request, Isabel had so far consented to avoid the imputation of being a fine lady, as to agree to call on Mrs. Chapman, the principal inhabitant of the place, and to allow Mr. Price to be invited to tea; but it was an effort to her greater than her aunt could imagine or understand. They staid in Mrs. Chapman's house only a few minutes, Isabel saying she was hurried, as her stay was so short. When they got up, and were just going, she went to Elizabeth Chapman, and said a few kind words of congratulation on her approaching marriage; and, as she wished her good-by, slipped a little trinket into her hand.

"Well," said Miss Bridges, after they had a little recovered from the excitement of the visit, "if that is what London does, I only thank my goodness that I'm not forced to go there."

"Miss Denison does look ill," said Elizabeth; "but I thought her prettier than ever; she looks so gentle to-day, but how sad! and there was quite a rim of black round her eyes."

"Oh, she looks a perfect fright!" said Miss Bridges, in a tone of great satisfaction. "I'm glad I happened to be here to see her. As to being sad, I take it she's disappointed at not finding a husband at all those parties and balls which she's at night and day, as I see in the papers; but *she* won't find husbands as thick as blackberries, I can tell her. I wouldn't marry Miss Denison for the whole world!" and she cast up her hands and eyes as she spoke.

"You would, though, to have such a pretty thing as this;" and Elizabeth held the little trinket before her eyes. It was a turquoise bird, with diamond eyes, which Isabel had selected from among her many little jewels.

Miss Bridges and Laura were up in a moment.

"Good gracious, Elizabeth! where did you get that? what a sweet little thing! Did Miss Denison give you that?"

"I must say, Matilda," said Laura, as she twisted it about in her fingers, "that this is very good-natured of Miss Denison."

"Oh, yes, very good natured indeed! Miss Denison knows when to be good natured—she doesn't quite want brains. Think how fine she felt coming down in this condescending way to give a wedding gift to Elizabeth, knowing well enough all the place would hear of it. I only thank my goodness that I'm not going to be married—it would have made me quite sick to take anything from her!" and her eyes fell enviously on the little sparkling ornament.

"She wouldn't have given you anything if you had been going to be married," remarked Laura, coolly. "I don't think she ever liked you."

"No, I dare say she did not," said Miss Bridges, with extreme sharpness. "I should have been surprised if she had. Miss Denison doesn't quite want brains—I never could stand her airs and her nonsense, and I showed it pretty plainly. I'm not one of those who are taken in by every polite speech that is made to them by women! No," with a glance at Elizabeth, "nor by men either."

"I suppose that's because you so seldom have them," said Laura, in a very civil tone. "They surprise you too much too believe them."

The conversation of the young ladies was growing interesting. Miss Bridges, with a very red face was gathering herself up to say something unspeakably bitter, when Laura, who had merely followed the whim of the moment, and had no wish to quarrel, hurriedly called her back to the window.

"Come quick, Matilda, quick. Mr. Grey must be going out riding; his horse is at the door, and he never keeps it waiting."

Miss Bridges again trod on the poor little dog in her hasty rush to the window to see Mr. Grey after the interesting suspicions excited by Laura's information. She was just in time to see what was to be seen, which, however, was nothing very unusual. Herbert came out of the house, stood by his horse for a moment, and patted it, to which the animal replied by an affectionate glance, as it seemed, into his face. Then, looking neither to the right nor to the left, he got up and rode away.

"Good gracious! Well, I'm glad I've seen him! I wonder where he is going? he does look very white, to be sure! At any rate, he is not going to the cottage. Poor Miss Denison! I suppose she came out to look for him. Well, good bye, Laura, I shall come again to-morrow. Good bye, Elizabeth; I hope, when I marry, that I shan't have to sit so close to my work as you do. No, thank you, no marriage for me, if it is to turn me into a lady's maid!" And, hoping she had said something uncomfortable, Miss Bridges departed in restored good humor. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Varieties.

THE BURIED FLOWER.

Early wert thou taken, Mary!
In thy fair and glorious prime,
Ere the bees had ceased to murmur
Thro' the umbrage of the lime.

Buds were blowing, waters flowing,
Birds were singing in the tree,
Every thing was bright and glowing
When the angels came for thee.

Death had laid aside his terror,
And he found thee calm and mild,
Lying in thy robes of whiteness,
Like a pure and stainless child.

Hardly had the mountain violet
Spread its blossoms on the sod,
Ere they laid the turf above thee,
And thy spirit rose to God.

Early wert thou taken, Mary!
And I know 'tis vain to weep—
Tears of mine can never wake thee
From thy sad and silent sleep.

MUSIC OF OLD.—The ancient Egyptian flute was only a cow's horn with three or four holes in it, and their harp or lyre had only three strings; the Jewish trumpets that made the walls of Jericho fall down, were only ram's horns; the psaltery was a small triangular harp or lyre with wire strings, and struck with an iron needle or stick; their sackbut resembled the zugg used at Malta in the present day,—a species of bagpipe; the timbrel was a tambourine, and the dulcimer a horizontal harp, with wire strings, and struck with a stick like the psaltery,—such as are seen about the streets of London in the present day. Imagine the discord produced by 200,000 of such instruments, while playing at the dedication of Solomon's Temple.—*Mr. Thompson Kay, in the Medical Times.*

Romance of Life.

THE NATURAL VS. THE FOSTER-MOTHER.

PATHETIC SCENE IN COURT.

A few days ago a strolling family of street musicians wandered into New Orleans. It was composed of an Italian and his wife, who had assumed the English name of Wilson, and a bright-eyed, interesting little girl of precocious intelligence, whose duty it was to carry around the tambourine, and collect the contributions of the crowds. This little girl called Mr. Wilson and Mrs. Wilson her parents, and seemed happy in their service, and in the affectionate kindness which the poor organ-grinders lavished upon her.

The wandering minstrels were pursuing their daily avocations in the suburbs, in a neighborhood not considered the most reputable portion of the city. The drum played by the man, and the organ which the poor woman turned, had ceased their monotonous strains, and the bright-eyed little girl was tripping it over the banquette, and smilingly and beseechingly presenting her little tambourine for the picayunes, when suddenly the attention of a poor woman, in whose worn features misfortune, vice and remorse were strongly blended, was attracted towards the little girl.

She looked at the little one with a steady, anxious and searching gaze for a moment, and then rushing through the crowd, seized her in her arms and tenderly pressed her frail little figure to her throbbing bosom, exclaiming at the same time, "Oh, my child! my long lost child! My darling little one! Have I got you at last?" The little girl was frightened; screamed for "her mother," (the organ grinder,) to rescue her, and tried in every way she could to escape from the "wild woman." Finally, however, by the interference of Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, the little one was taken from the arms of the poor stranger, whose anguish seemed to increase in bitterness at the indifference or forgetfulness of the little girl whom she claimed to be her own daughter. At the suggestion, however, of some of the bystanders, the poor woman, who declared her name to be Ann Mayfield, was induced to let the strollers proceed on their way, and advised to resort immediately to legal proceedings, to enforce her parental rights. Accordingly, a writ of habeas corpus was sued out in the Second District Court, by Ann Mayfield, against Mr. and Mrs. Wilson. In her petition she averred that she was the mother of the little girl, named Rosa, aged seven years, who was stolen from her several years ago, and was now detained by the defendants. To this Mr. and Mrs. Wilson replied by denying that she was the mother of the child, and further alleged, that if she was the mother, she was of such notoriously bad character, that it would not be proper for her to have charge of so young a child.

The case came up before Judge Canon. The testimony established that the petitioner, Ann Mayfield, came to Natchez some years ago, with a very young child; that she was deserted by the man who accompanied her to that place, and being in very destitute circumstances, and anxious to get to New Orleans, actually sold her child to the Wilsons, in order to furnish her with clothing, and bear her expenses to this city, but that it was understood that she was to reclaim the child whenever she desired. Since then, however, she had heard nothing of the Wilsons and her child, until the accidental encounter on the streets. These facts were proved by a competent witness, and were to a great extent admitted by the defendants. There was some difficulty, however, in identifying the child. The mother swore positively on this point, and the striking resemblance between them confirmed her testimony.

After learned and eloquent arguments from Messrs. Frost and Abell for plaintiffs, and Concklin and Reney for defendants, Judge Canon proceeded to render judgment in the case. Whilst the Judge was rendering his decision, the scene within the court room was quite an impressive and affecting one. On one side was the interesting family of the organ grinder, in whose weather beaten, sear-seamed faces, a very perceptible expression of deep affection and tender solicitude, for their little foster child seemed to predominate over all other considerations. The little object of all this contention sat between the organ grinder and his wife, and seemed to be clinging to them for protection. On the other side was the haggard and sorrow stricken mother, whose heart, though seared and hardened by misfortune, still throbbed with all that intense devotion and love which a mother only can feel. The court-room was crowded with an audience who contemplated the scene with deep interest.

Judge Canon commenced his judgment by relating a fact that came under his observation about twenty years ago. A poor colored woman, in this city once found at her door a new born white infant, whom she took into her house, and, with great care and tenderness, nursed and reared until she grew up to be a beautiful and interesting girl of ten years, when she was one day recognized by a highly respectable lady as her own child, and as such was identified and returned. In such cases as these, the benevolent Judge remarked, much stress must be given to the testimony of the mother, whose instinct would enable her to recognize and identify her child, when all other persons might fail in so doing. He would, therefore, order the child to be delivered over to the petitioner, (here the mother audibly exclaimed—"Thank you, Judge! thank you!" whilst a deep sigh from the organ grinder, and a low sob from his wife showed how keenly they felt their apprehended bereavement.)

As to the objection that the mother's character was bad, that would be a good reason for depriving her of the tutorship of the child, but it could not be inquired into in this dispute. It was admitted that her character was bad. He was sorry for it, and trusted that when restored to the charge of her little girl, that she would alter her conduct, and lead a virtuous life. On the other hand, he did not think that the life and profession of the organ grinder were favorable to the proper training of a young girl. The Judge then directed the Sheriff to execute the judgment of the court. The solemn and grave-looking Deputy Sheriff then proceeded towards the group of organ grinders, when the little girl, as if discovering his object, drew back, clinging with an expression of the deepest grief and alarm, to the dress of her foster mother. The Sheriff, however, by the use of a little gentle force, succeeded in separating them, and taking the little girl in his arms, delivered her to her natural mother, who rushed towards the child, and encircling her in her arms, embraced her delicate little body with the ardor and devotion of true love, the child all the while repaying her caresses with the most vigorous efforts to release herself, screaming, "You are not my ma—there is my ma—I won't go with you."

Alas! the poor child had entirely forgotten her natural mother. She remembered only the kindness and affection of the organ grinders and seemed inconsolable for her separation from them.

The latter, with expressions of the deepest sorrow and grief, retired from the court amid the sympathy and regret of the large crowd who, with tearful eyes, witnessed the affecting scene, which we have thus hurriedly related.

We have since learned that it is the intention of the mother of the child to place her in an Orphan Asylum, where she may be educated free from the contaminating influences of her mother's life, and where she may be visited by both her natural and foster parents. Most ardently do we hope that this interesting little girl may be saved from the misfortunes and vice which overwhelmed her poor mother, and that the impressive incidents and deep grief of her childhood may secure her those attentions and sympathy by which female purity and virtue are chiefly guarded and preserved.—*N. O. Delta.*

☞ Young ladies are like arrows, they can't be got off without a beau.

Interesting Sketch.

THE LAST GENERATION IN ENGLAND.

From an article under the above head, by "the author of Mary Barton," which appeared in the last number of Sartain's Magazine, we take the following amusing extract:

You may imagine the subjects of the conversation amongst the ladies; cards, servants, relations, pedigrees, and last and best, much mutual interest about the poor of the town, to whom they were one and all kind and indefatigable benefactresses; cooking, sewing for, advising, doctoring, doing everything but educating them. One or two old ladies dwelt on the glories of former days; when ——— boasted of two Earl's daughters as residents. Though it must be sixty years since they died, there are traces of their characters yet lingering about the place. Proud, precise, and generous; bitter tories were they. Their sister had married a General (Burgoyne) more distinguished for a successful comedy, than for his mode of conducting the war in America; and, consequently, his sister-in-law held the name of Washington in deep abhorrence. I can fancy the way in which they must have spoken of him, from the shudder of abomination with which their devoted admirers spoke years afterwards of "that man Washington." Lady Jane was moreover a benefactress to ———. Before her day, the pavement of the footpath was composed of loose round stones, placed so far apart that a delicate ankle might receive a severe wrench from slipping between; but she left a sum of money in her will to make and keep in repair a flag pavement, on condition that it should only be broad enough for one to walk abreast, in order "to put a stop to the indecent custom coming into vogue, of ladies linking with gentlemen;" linking being the old-fashioned word for walking arm-in-arm. Lady Jane also left her sedan and money to pay the bearers for the use of the ladies of ———, who were frequently like Adam and Eve in the weather-glass in consequence, the first arrival at a party having to commence the order of returning when the last lady was only just entering upon the gaieties of the evening.

The old ladies were living hoards of family tradition and old custom. One of them, a Shropshire woman, had been to school in London about the middle of the last century. The journey from Shropshire took her a week. At the school to which she was sent, besides fine work of innumerable descriptions, pastry, and the art of confectionary were taught to those whose parents desired it. The dancing master gave his pupils instructions in the art of using a fan properly. Although an only child, she had never sat down in her parents' presence without leave until she was married; and spoke with infinite disgust of the modern familiarity with which children treated their parents. "In my days," said she, "when we wrote to our fathers and mothers, we began 'Honored Sir,' or 'Honored Madam,' none of your 'Dear Mammas,' or 'Dear Papas' would have been permitted; and we ruled off our margin before beginning our letters, instead of cramming writing into every corner of the paper; and when we ended our letters we asked our parents' blessing if we were writing to them; and if we wrote to a friend we were content to 'remain your affectionate friend,' instead of hunting up some new fangled expression, such as 'your attached, your loving,' &c. Fanny, my dear! I got a letter to-day signed 'Yours cordially,' like a dram-shop! what will this world come to?" Then she would tell how a gentleman having asked her to dance in her youth, never thought of such familiarity as offering her his arm to conduct her to her place, but taking up the flap of his silk-lined coat, he placed it over his open palm, and on it the lady daintily rested the tips of her fingers. To be sure, my dear old lady once confessed to a story neither so pretty nor so proper, namely, that one of the amusements of her youth was "measuring noses" with some gentlemen—not an uncommon thing in those days; and, as lips lie below noses, such measurements frequently ended in kisses. At her house there was a little silver basket-strainer, and once remarking on this, she showed me a silver saucer pierced through with holes, and told me it was a relic of the times when tea was first introduced into England; after it had been infused and the beverage drank, the leaves were taken out of the tea-pot and placed on this strainer, and then eaten by those who liked with sugar and butter, "and very good they were," she added. Another relic which she possessed was an old receipt-book, dating back to the middle of the sixteenth century. Our grandmothers must have been strong headed women, for there were numerous receipts for "ladies' beverages," &c., generally beginning with "Take a gallon of brandy, or any other spirit." The puddings, too, were no light matters; one receipt, which I copied for the curiosity of the thing, begins with, "Take thirty eggs, two quarts of cream," &c. These bobdignagian puddings she explained by saying that the afternoon meal, before the introduction of tea, generally consisted of cakes and cold puddings, together with a glass of what we should now call liqueur, but which was then denominated bitters.

The same old lady advocated strongly the manner in which marriages were formerly often brought about. A young man went up to London to study for the bar, to become a merchant, or what not, and arrived at middle age without having thought about matrimony; when, finding himself rich and desirous of being married, he would frequently write to some college friend, or to the clergyman of his native place, asking him to recommend a wife; whereupon the friend would send a list of suitable ladies; the bachelor would make his selection, and empower his friend to wait upon the parents of the chosen one, who accepted or refused without much consultation of their daughter's wishes; often the first intelligence she had of the affair was by being told by her mother to adorn herself in her best, as the gentleman her parents proposed for her husband was expected by the night coach to supper.

"And very happy marriages they turned out, my dear—very," my venerable informant would add, sighing. I always suspected that her own had been of this description.

Miscellaneous.

THE CAMEL.

I must own that I never, like the eloquent author of Eothen, learnt to love these animals for their "womanish nature." Nor would I go exactly so far as Miss Martineau, who says, "So impatient a beast I do not know, growling, groaning and fretting, whenever asked to do or bear anything; looking on such occasions as if it longed to bite, if only it dared. Its malignant expression of face is lost in pictures; but it may be seen whenever one looks for it. The mingled expression of spite, fear, and hopelessness in the face of the camel always gave me the impression of its being, or feeling itself a *damned* animal." There is no doubt that there has been a great deal of romancing about the patience of the camel, but yet I think Miss Martineau is rather too hard upon him. The fact is, that the poor animal has got a most unfortunate voice, so that his satisfaction is very apt to be mistaken for grumbling, and his blessing sounds very like cursing. The desert has a language of its own. We do not understand the master: let us take care not to mistake the servant. "Unreasonable brute! do you expect me to carry all that?" may be our interpretation to his gurgling growl. "Delighted to be of any service to you," might be the rendering of his better informed master. And not much has he, poor drudge! to be grateful for. Hard work and low wages is his lot; a life of unceasing toil and a death bed in the Desert, with none but the fiendish vulture to close (in a cruelly literal sense) his dying eyes. Upon the whole, I should characterise him as being, like Milton's Satan in the Garden of Eden, "*stupidly good*," though I find the comparison savors, unintentionally, somewhat of Miss Martineau's idea of a "*damned animal*." In some respects he is a pleasant beast to ride. As, for instance, when you are desirous of being left entirely to your own meditations, for he is so thoroughly unintellectual that you do not feel in the slightest degree bound to converse with or take any notice of him, as you do of the intelligent and sagacious horse. You leave him to his cogitations: he leaves you to yours. On he plods, fishing all the way as he goes in the desert sea, with his long outstretched neck, like a huge water bird. Now he sees something, and down goes his head, but presently reappears with, perhaps, a cluster of delicate white flowers writhing amid the green froth of his grinding jaws. In diet, nothing sour comes amiss to him. Indeed, he shows it upon his teeth; for I know no animal that stands so much in need of a tooth brush. He is vulgar in other respects, and some of his habits are certainly anything but "womanish." And yet the camel is a noble animal, not in the nobleness of an arching neck and a flashing eye; not in the nobleness of aristocratic pride and spirit; but in the nobleness of a humble and rugged endurance, that does the heavy work of a nation upon a handful of beans. No, Miss Martineau! you must not spurn the working man! you must not rob the Desert of its romance, a camel shall be a camel still.

SWEDENBORGIANISM.—One thing we noticed in the audience which worships in the little Swedenborgian church at Washington:—Twenty-five *per cent.* (pardon our mercantile phrase) or one-fourth of the males were bald-headed. It struck me as a peculiarity of which I could not give a reasonable solution; and I leave it to wiser heads to determine what natural connection there is between Swedenborgianism and a smooth crown. But as the most sensible people of my acquaintance are bald-headed, it certainly augurs well, in my estimation, for the soundness of the Swedenborgian faith.—*Boston Courier.*

A LETTER AND A POEM.

The following most beautiful poem we venture to preface with the letter which accompanied it, and which gives it its proper emphasis.

"GENTLEMEN:—As a constant reader, I take the liberty to send you the enclosed lines, written by an English lady. They are exquisite in themselves, and still more unique from being written by a woman, and yet breathing so sweet a spirit of charity and pity—which, I regret to add, are not the most frequent emotions of the female breast towards those of their own sex who most deserve commiseration—those who are morally 'poor indeed.'

"I know it to be true, that the energetic and no less truthful articles which have appeared of late in The Home Journal have had much effect with regard to manners, Polka dancing, dress, &c.—Now, my dear fireside friends, can you not say something in your effective way regarding the long existing error in bringing up our women with the idea that they are not legally responsible for their words, therefore they are licensed to say what they please?

"Can you not urge them to consider themselves as morally responsible, and do you not think that, with slight perseverance, you may finally overcome that *one great error* in our female education?—until you fairly bring the female sex to that point of honor, that to be heard uttering a slander would be to lose caste, at least for a time, in the social standard, in the estimation of their associates.

"Think, gentlemen, what a reformation would be here? What wives mothers and daughters would we have! Women who consider a *moment* before forming or uttering an opinion personal—Our minds and bodies are too fearfully and wonderfully made, to be summed up so cavalierly by some trivial opinion.

"*It is the one thing needful* to make women *almost* angels—CHARITY. A little more *chivalric* sense of honor (a quality which has not yet been impressed upon them in the way of education) in forming and giving opinions, and we should almost forget 'the ills that flesh is heir to,' in this sublunary sphere, in our contentment to remain where that *rara avis*, feminine charity, was not only *fashionable*, but general.

"I remain a would-be-with-all-my-heart-charitable-woman, EUGENIA."

[The following are the enclosed lines:—]

"She stood amid the crowded hall,
Forlorn—yet oh, how fair!
Though many a beauty graced the hall,
To me the loveliest there.

"Yet, guilt and woe a shade had cast
Upon her youthful fame,
And scornful murmurs as she passed
Were mingled with her name.

"'She was not beautiful,' they said—
I felt that she was *more*—
One of those women, *women* dread,
Men fatally *adore*.

"I looked into her languid eyes,
So dark and deeply set,
And read such thrilling mysteries,
Of passion and regret.

"I thought of Eve, when taught to sin,
Fresh from the serpent's lore,
Though tutored to seduce and win,
Yet lovelier than before.

"In truth it was a painful sight,
As former friends passed by,
To see her quivering lips grow white,
Beneath each altered eye.

"Oh! how I wished some angel then,
His pitying wings should spread,
To shelter from the scorn of men
That fair, defenceless head.

"With none to strengthen or sustain,
Alas! why came she there—
Amid the selfish and the vain,
Alone in her despair!

"Perchance she longed to see *once* more
Some dear familiar face—
Some vanished friendship to implore,
Some enmity efface.

"I know not; for our first and last
Sad meeting was this one;
Tearful I gazed; but midnight past,
I looked, and she was gone."

Home Journal.

"LETTER FROM THE DIGGINGS."

A New York paper contains the following amusing letter from California:

VALLEY OF THE SACRAMENTO,
April 20, 1849.

EDDITURS OF THE SUNDY TIMES:—When I wrote before spades was trump—now it's dimunds. These preshus stuns is found in brilyant perfusion on the brow of the Sarah Nevady, and several as large as fenix eggs has been seen in a mountain of gold, diskivered last week, near the Sam Joking, and when the snow melts, it is supposed that many of the first water will come down with the current. Seed dimunds is remarkabul plenty, but a law has been made agen gatherin' 'em, because it spoils the futur crop. None is aloud to be gathered under the size of a piece of chalk. Emruids abounds, but nobody is green enough to pick 'em up when they can get dimunds. Other jools is a drug. Beyond the plains, on what they call a slate of the mountains, bushels of little peaces of silver has been dug up, which is very convenyent for small change.

A stream runnin' into Feather River, and particklarly rich in gold, has recently been diskivered by a German kumpany, and they have skewered the joint onership by the threatening to knife any one they catch poaching on their fork. In honor of some outlandish Dutch water privilege, they call it the River Rhine-o. Some of the xplorin' 'sociation which has gone far into the intereyur, sends word that the sile there is all solid gold sot with roobees, but nobody bleves these outlying parties.

The depth of the odiferous sands on the Sacrymento is forty-eight feet eleven inches and three quarters. Wherever we find traces of gold, we sink shafts and draw it up with horses. The sand is so tarnation heavy it puts the mustangs to their metal, I tell you; but there's no help for 'em; they must hang on with all their might and mane, or down they go, and then its all up with 'em.

'Mense quantities of gold at the very least, has been sent to San Francisco for some time back, and as fast as it is got in it is turned into ingots. Theves cannot egzist at the diggins—being hung on the slightest suspishun. Grub is molerate; floods of a spiritus natur very dear. All kinds of salt provisions is sold for a song; the tavern keepers most given' 'em away in order to permote thirst. Salt pork is $5 a hogshead, and brandy $10 a half pint. Hows'ever, as gold is plenty, every Jack has his gill.

This puts me in mind of the noose by the steamer Californy, that a ship load of young wimmen was a coming out on a marryin' spekelashun, with one Mrs. Farnham as shoopercargo. We look for the same anxshusly. What is gold—what is preshus stuns without wimmen? Nuthin but vanity and vexashun of spirit. Solomon says—I red it 'tother day on a page of Proverbs I was agoin to use for waddin—Solomon says a wurtshus 'ooman is more preshus than roobies, and in a kuntry without pettycoats one feels the force of the remark. When a man has wealth he wants hares to leave it to; and in course—no wives no hares. You couldn't send me out one, could you? I mean a wife, not a hare. If she's sum pitted with the small-pox even, I woodent care. The ordinariest goods are valuable when there is none in the market. There's duzzens I woodent a looked at in the States, that 'ud now be thankfully received and no questions axed. You can say, and truly, that I'm worth more 'an my weight in gold, for I've got a quarter of a tun of it in store at San Francisco, besides a sprinkling of dimunds.

We have a sort of make-shift government here, (no allusion to the paragraff above,) got up extruperry as one may say, that ansers purty wel for a nu kuntry. Gen. Smith aint nobody. He is a clever chap and a spunky, no doubt o that; but he ain't got no more athority than a child in arms, if thar was sich a thing in the settlement. He ishoos genral orders and proclamashuns and sich truck, and the people read 'em, perlite literatoor being scarce; but wen they've red 'em, they larf, and shut one eye, and go and do just as they d—n please. It's allus so in nu kuntries.

Agriculture in California is purty much left to natur. It sticks in folks' crop to be sowing corn when they can dig gold, and so they all go to the placers to make hay while the sun shines. This is the monster deposit bank of the universal world, and we're all cashheres and directors. Bring yer 'taters here if you want 'em dug, we can't take the trouble to raise 'em. The only wegetable we cultyvate is the root of all evil, and if you'll send us the fruits of the earth, you can have that exchange.

The rainy season being over, the weather is settled. I bleeve the heat hasn't been below 99 for a week, which, with bad rum, has proved fatal to some constitooshuns. Emigrants of all kinds and kuntries keeps pourin' in by land and water, and the popelashun is very promiscuous. We Mericans keep the upper hand of furriners so far; but it takes considerable powder and ball. Colt's pills is fine for munity. The *bottle* causes a good many musses, but the *barrel* allus stops 'em. I shall probably ship my pile by the Californy, and if I escape the cholero, the Injuns, and the yallar fever going through Mexico, you may 'spect to see me before very long, and perhaps sooner.

A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

CURE FOR THE INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM.—A gentleman wishes us to publish the following, for the relief of suffering humanity. He says he has known a number of cures by it, and all of them within a short time:—Half an ounce of alum, half an ounce of pulverized saltpetre, put in half a pint of sweet oil. Bathe the parts affected, when a cure will speedily be effected.

United States
SATURDAY POST.
HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.
Philadelphia:
SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1849.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TO POSTMASTERS.

We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs for the mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so. We think there need be no great difficulty in getting subscribers to the enlarged paper, as those who will take the trouble to compare it with the other weekly papers, cannot fail to perceive that it outshines all competition. Let it be remembered, also, that *the postage is just the same on a first class paper, as on the meanest and poorest of the small reprints.*

NOTICE.

Subscribers wishing their paper changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State as well as of the town in which they live.

Post Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address when they can do so conveniently.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

D. D.'s letter is received. As to the other two letters, the Ridder Department has been under the charge of a person now absent from the city and we are therefore unable at present to give the information desired.

WHEAT AND CHEAT. The friend who wishes us to open our columns to the discussion of this vexed question must really excuse us. It has been discussed very fully in the Agricultural Journals, and we believe there is not an agricultural editor or writer of note in the country, but is of the opinion that wheat and cheat are as distinct as wheat and rye, and that one never produces the other.

H. M. We have some little recollection, we think, of such a letter, but do not remember the poem—perhaps it did not exactly suit us and was laid aside. We do not wish to increase the number of copies on the old terms.

INFORMATION WANTED

Of the following named persons who are in arrears for subscription to this paper:

Of R. E. Hughes, formerly of Williamsport, Penna.
Of Geo. Wilde, formerly of Galena, Illinois.
Of Capt. H. Gates, formerly of Franklin, Louisiana.
Of Moses Atwater, Jr., formerly of Canandaigua, N. York.
Of Chalkley Frame, formerly of Duncan's Falls, Ohio.
Of John W. Crump, formerly of King William, C. H., Virginia.

DEATH OF MR POLK.

We have the melancholy news to lay before our readers this week, of the death of James K. Polk, Ex-President of the United States. Mr. Polk had been ill for some weeks of Diarrhœa, of which disease he died. It is probable that the arduous duties of the Presidency had sapped the constitution of Mr. Polk, and rendered it unable to withstand the inroads of a disease particularly fatal in the West the present season. Mr. Polk died at his residence near Nashville, on Friday evening, the 15th inst. Doubtless the fitting honors will be paid by the people at large to his memory.

THE FOREIGN NEWS.

By the arrival of the Cambria, we have one week's later news from Europe. Commercially the news is not important; cotton remains at the old prices, but flour is dull and lower. Indian corn sells freely. In provisions a large business had been done at full prices.

The political news is interesting, but not decisive. Little is known from Austria and Hungary, but that vast bodies of Russians are bearing down upon the Hungarians, who are wisely retiring to the fastnesses of their country. Buda, however, it is stated, has fallen into the hands of the Hungarians, who are said to have put the garrison to the sword—probably this latter is an aristocratic exaggeration. The Hungarians are also said to have obtained possession of Fiume, on the Gulf of Venice, the only seaport in their country. If France should determine to interfere in their behalf, this accession may be valuable.

In Italy also, things remain about the same. The French forces are still encamped outside of Rome, waiting the issue of negotiations. The troops openly avow their sympathy with the Roman Republic, and probably would almost unanimously refuse obedience if ordered to make another attack upon the city. The Neapolitans have retired to their own territory, fully satisfied with one warm reception.

From Germany the intelligence is very scanty. It would seem, however, that the Western Prussian provinces have become somewhat more tranquilized, but in Baden and Bavaria, and in all that region, the popular chiefs are said to be only waiting to learn the result of the French election.

The war between the Danes and the Prussians continues, without, from present appearances, the remotest prospect of a satisfactory adjustment of the paltry matter in dispute. The town of Frederick has been reduced by bombardment, and the Prussian troops are advancing to Arhaus. The Danish cruisers are strictly enforcing the blockade of the German ports. A division of the Russian fleet had appeared in the Danish waters, which is considered significant of the intentions of the Czar.

In France the old Assembly peaceably dissolved, and the new as peaceably organized. A stormy discussion occurred on the third day of the sessions of the new chamber, from which some of the English press prognosticate the most unhappy results. It ended in the President's apologizing to Ledru Rollin for an intemperate expression. So far as we can judge, the Socialists in this affair, were in the right.

The British Government had given no intimation, up to the time of the departure of the Cambria, of its intentions respecting the final disposal of the Irish state prisoners, now under sentence of death for high treason. The debates in Parliament had been unimportant.

In Ireland famine and cholera have joined hands. As an evidence of the extreme destitution and misery which exist in that unfortunate country, it is stated that a shipwrecked human body having been cast ashore, the corpse was actually consumed by the starving inhabitants of the vicinity.

A statement to this effect has been made in Parliament, and though contradicted in part by the Government, the fact is beyond dispute that at no previous time has sickness, intense misery and starvation been more general than now. Long years of misrule, discord, ignorance, and idleness are now producing their natural but terrible fruits in that unhappy island.

MOYAMENSING.

There is a district adjoining the city of Philadelphia called Moyamensing, which labors under the disadvantage of having a rather larger number of rowdies within its limits, than is either useful or entertaining. But the greatest curse of Moyamensing is that it contains one great man within its borders, after whom all "the baser sort" appear to copy. This great man has been elevated by his admirers to the distinguished post of member of the Board of Commissioners of the District, from which elevated position he promulgates the doctrines of a new and truly original philosophy. Not long since he made a speech in which he discouraged in the strongest terms any attempt to prevent fighting with paving stones, &c., in the streets, as calculated to lessen the martial ardor and even the natural courage of the population.—He looked upon these street conflicts, as the nurseries in which heroes were reared.

Modelling their lives upon the doctrines of this great and original genius, the rowdies of Moyamensing have divided themselves into two parties, and have instituted a weekly combat for the supremacy of the district. Sunday, as a day of leisure, is the time generally chosen for this exhibition.—Last Sunday the two parties rallied in great force, and to show how valiant they were becoming, some of them resorted to fire-arms instead of the usual brickbats and paving stones. The result of the contest being the death of one, and the serious injury of some half-dozen others. This is generally considered in Philadelphia as the latest development of Millerism.

MONS. ADRIEN.

The well-known "Magician," Mons. Adrien, is again in this city, at the Musical Fund Hall, where he is displaying the wonders of his art to the public. Suspending a person in the air without any visible support, is one of his magical illusions. His exhibitions are well fitted to while away a summer evening.

CAPE MAY.

The steamboat Ohio began her regular trips to Cape May on last Saturday morning. Now that the summer is at last upon us in earnest, the yearly flood of visitors to the bathing places will begin to flow. The Ohio is a first-rate boat.

FLOGGING IN THE NAVY.

We mentioned in a late number, that a sailor had stated at a recent meeting in this city, that during the war with Mexico, the sailors serving in the Gulf were taken ashore to fight the Mexicans, and then, for any trifling indiscretion, were tied up and flogged. This statement, so far as the amount of flogging is concerned, is strongly supported by records kept during the cruise of the U. S. ships Independence and Congress.

It appears that during the cruise of the Independence, which lasted nearly three years, 44,635 lashes were given—a large proportion of these lashes being administered when the crew were engaged in arduous service on the Pacific Coast, fighting for their country. The following extract from the record of the cruise in question, can hardly be read without feelings of indignation and shame:

From Boston to Monterey, 143 days, 2,676 lashes were administered, or about a dozen and a half a day, while the crew was new.

Monterey to Mazatlan, 131 miles, 3,907 lashes, or *two* dozen and a half a day, showing that the longer the crew was submitted to such discipline the worse it became.

From Mazatlan to Mazatlan again, cruising about and occasionally ashore in a battle, 166 days, 4,686 lashes, or two dozen a day to keep up their courage.

At Mazatlan, 181 days, 25,480 lashes, or nearly *twelve* dozen a day, which we suppose was for the purpose of exercise, lying in port being lazy business.

From Mazatlan to Valparaiso, 180 days, 7,020 lashes, being about double the amount from the latter place to Mazatlan, which proves that the crew did not grow much better by the discipline they were subjected to.

From Valparaiso to Norfolk, 126 days, 3,016 lashes.

By comparing the cruise home with the cruise out, it will be seen that the crew got just double the amount of flogging coming home that they did going out.

At Mazatlan 250 seamen and marines belonging to the Independence and Congress, were employed in building fortifications and digging trenches for about five months. During that time they received 25,432 lashes. Thus it appears that all the argument founded on the different circumstances in which vessels at sea and military companies on land are asserted to be placed, is the merest gammon—for while the Independence and Congress were in port, and a large portion of their crews on land, the flogging went on with greatly accelerated rapidity—*two* dozen a day being the average at sea up to that time, and *twelve* dozen being the average in port and on land.

Under this barbarous discipline the crew seems to have become "no better" very fast: twice the number of lashes being daily required coming home, as were thought necessary going out. If the cruise had continued many years longer, it would probably have been the daily business of one half the men to tie up and flog the other half. The names of the officers of the Independence and Congress are not given. We should take peculiar pleasure in doing our part to confer immortality upon such admirable disciplinarians.

REMOVAL OF HAWTHORNE

Nathaniel Hawthorne, author of "Twice Told Tales," a truly original and beautiful writer, and by all accounts a very modest and worthy man, has been removed by the new administration from an humble post in the Custom House at Salem.

That the Democratic press should censure this removal was to be expected; but we are pleased to see that it also meets with the disapproval of the New York Mirror, the Boston Transcript and other Whig papers, and of the neutral and independent press—which latter generally embodies the sentiments of the great mass of all parties, who are not sold, body and soul, to the organizations they generally support, but do, in the main, their own thinking.

We would wish to see a liberal and magnanimous policy pursued by all administrations towards men of letters—of course, in instances where a man of letters is a prominent politician also, the case is different. The policy which dictated to a Democratic administration the appointment of Washington Irving (a Whig) as Minister to Spain, is one which is well worthy of imitation. We do not think that the case of Bancroft (Minister to England) is a case in point, for he is as much of a politician as a literary man, and therefore we should not blame the present administration for his removal—besides, his post is a very important one. But the case of Hawthorne is exactly an instance in point. He is no politician, and the office he held is too insignificant to make it matter much whether it is held by a Whig or a Democrat.

The policy to be pursued in a case like this, is so obvious that we are inclined to suspect that Mr. Hawthorne's removal was a mistake. We should not be surprised to learn that the Secretary who made the removal, did not really know that Hawthorne was an author of celebrity. Even great politicians are not always well acquainted with the literature of their country, and Hawthorne's writings are of a kind that never become generally popular. His reputation is great among literary men, but his name is hardly known yet to the masses. In years to come, he will probably take his place among that class of authors whose names are on every schoolboy's lips, but whose works are appreciated only by a select few.

LIGHT IN A DARK PLACE.

It is stated in a German paper, that at a grand council of war, held by the Czar in St. Petersburg, some of the members entered a protest against interference in the affairs of the rest of Europe. The President of the council, it is said, even went so far as to tell the Emperor that Napoleon ruined himself by his obstinacy, and that his Majesty might meet the same fate! Nicholas was much irritated, and insulted several of the Senators.

The same journal contains intelligence that several plots against the Emperor have been discovered at St. Petersburg. Many officers, and even generals, were arrested, and instead of being sent to Siberia, were at once hung. It would appear that the army is discontented, and that is the reason of the guards having been sent from St. Petersburg.

The Leipziger Zeitung has a letter from St. Petersburg, of the 21st ult., stating that the houses of several members of the aristocracy have been searched, and some of the inmates arrested. The number of arrests which have taken place is quoted at 100, most of them officers in the guards and young noblemen holding appointments under the Government. They were immured in the fortress of Cronstadt.

The above has an air of truth, but we cannot give it full credit until it is confirmed by further advices. We hardly know of an event that would give the friends of free institutions in Europe greater joy than the occurrence of a successful rebellion, just at this moment, in Russia—to see

"The desolater desolate,
The victor overthrown,
The arbiter of others' fate
A suppliant *for his own*."

STORR'S INVIGORATOR

The receipt of a large package of "Storr's Hair Invigorator," the other day, from the proprietors, was quite like one of the "three warnings" spoken of by Cowper. Surely, said we, we are not becoming so bald, in our youth, that the Messrs. Storrs, out of charity, have seen fit to supply us with a remedy. Is it possible that these gentlemen have spies employed to go into editors' rooms and spy out "the nakedness of the land"—the first report of anything like the falling off in the crop of hair, being the signal for the presentation of a large quantity of their "invigorator?" Be it so or not, having, upon examination, detected a thinness in our hair, owing probably (as one of our modest New York brethren would say,) to the immense and unprecedented amount of mental labor we undertake and undergo for the benefit of our large and increasing family of readers, we shall, if we can possibly find time, try one of these days, the effects of the "invigorator," and if the results are at all astounding and marvellous, lay them before our readers. For we consider the man who makes *two hairs* grow where only one grew before, a public benefactor—one whose name and invention should descend as an hair-loom to future generations.

IRELAND.

The "Society of Friends," in Ireland, have published an account of their labors for the poor of that country, in which they regret that they have proved, with *few exceptions*, *powerless for any permanent good*. The London Times thus embodies the recommendations of the address:—"It insists on security to the cultivator, the utmost freedom in the sale or transfer of land, the passage of those estates whose proprietors are irretrievably ruined into other hands, or the sale of portions in order to pay off the encumbrances now lying on the whole, powers to sell land and recover debts without the ruinous delays and heavy costs which these processes at present involve, and some protection against the ravages of pauperism, as necessary to that improved cultivation of the soil, which is now the chief hope for Ireland."

The above recommendations, coming from a body of such practical and sensible business men as the Society of Friends, naturally have arrested much attention in Great Britain.

NEW PANORAMAS.

We would call the attention of our city readers to Mr. Brewer's panoramas of the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, Niagara River, Mount Vernon, and the Natural Bridge of Virginia, together with a day's journey through the Prairies of the West. Those of our readers who may have cherished the intention of travelling to either of the above quarters, have now an opportunity of seeing the sights for twenty-five cents, and saving the rest of their money.

SULPHUR.

The Cincinnati Gazette mentions that in a number of cholera cases in that city, sulphur had been administered with decided success. We have seen a statement of its trial in another place, with unsatisfactory results.

HOMŒOPATHY.

We have given numerous remedies for the cholera recommended by the "old practice," but we have given none as yet of the Homœopathists.—We therefore take the following from a list of instructions issued by a committee of Homœopathic physicians in New York:

8. During the presence of cholera as an epidemic, persons disposed to use every precaution may take *Veratrum* and *Cuprum* as prophylactic means. These should be taken each every fourth day, *one dose* at bed-time. The third attenuation is preferable. The dose may be about one drop or one grain. They are to be taken in alternation.

9. If there should be slight disturbance of the system, as nausea, shiverings, vertigo or oppression at the stomach, take a powder of *Ipecac* of the third trituration every three hours until these symptoms disappear.

10. If there be watery looseness of the bowels, without pain or cramps, take one drop of *Veratrum* every third hour until it is removed.

11. If the looseness be accompanied by cramps, take *Cuprum*, as much as will lie on a half-dime, and repeat it every two hours.

12. If the diarrhœa should become profuse (with or without pain and vomiting), the discharges being watery and whitish, and the strength rapidly failing, take five drops of *spirits of Camphor* every half hour until it is effectually stopped.

Should these symptoms become very severe, three drops of Camphor may be administered every five minutes.

13. From the moment that the diarrhœa becomes urgent, the person should cease to move about. He should be put to bed and kept warm and wrapped in blankets. If he complain of cold, he may be surrounded with bottles of hot water, and his skin may be rubbed with the hand, moistened with spirits of camphor, avoiding uncovering any part, lest the exposure and evaporation should increase the cold.

A physician should be summoned as speedily as possible, and his directions scrupulously obeyed.

Mr. Hempel, a Homœopathic physician, disagrees with his brethren of New York, as to the above remedies. He calls *Aconite* "the most reliable safeguard against the cholera." His practice is as follows:

As soon as diarrhœa sets in with or without cramps in the stomach and bowels, with or without vomiting, coldness of the extremities, etc., dissolve 5 drops of the *tincture of Aconite* in 10 table-spoonfull of clear Croton water, and take two tea-spoonsfull every half hour, until an improvement sets in; then continue every two hours until you feel entirely well. Eat very little, and only light food, gruels, weak tea and toast, etc.

If the diarrhœa should be very bad, attended with or without cramps in the bowels, spasms in the extremities, vomiting, or if the paroxysm should set in *immediately* with great force, dissolve 10 drops of *the tincture of Aconite* in ten table-spoonfulls of water, and give the patient 2 tea spoonsful every five minutes until the pulse improves, the extremities become warm, and a moisture is perceived on the skin; then continue every 20 minutes until the improvement is strikingly manifest, and finally continue every two hours until the patient is entirely recovered. The liquid should be swallowed very slowly, and the water should not be too cold. The patient should at once be brought to bed, wrapt up in warm blankets or flannel, and friction should be used on the calves and palms of the hands. With this treatment, if applied in time and other wise accompanied with proper precautions, the patient may consider himself safe. I have used the *tincture of Aconite* in hundreds of cases of spasms and congestions, with collapse of pulse and cold extremities, in nervous disorders, cholera morbus, sporadic cholera, *etc.*, and have never failed in a single instance to effect a rapid and brilliant cure.

SAILORS' HOMES.

We must confess that we are beginning to have a rather poor opinion of the Sailors' Beneficial Societies and Sailors' Homes, from the fact that the great body of our seamen appear to consider them gross impositions. At a recent meeting of sailors, in this city, after a speech by Watson G. Haynes, he put several questions to them in relation to the workings of these institutions. Not one of a large number present knew (or was willing to assert that he knew,) of any case where a drunkard or an irreligious man had been converted through the influence of a Sailors' Home. Not one of them had ever seen a library in a ship's forecastle, put there by any Society. In relation to the Sailors' Home supporting them when sick, none knew of any such instance, unless board was paid. Neither were they aware of any efforts having been made by the Society directing the Home, to have the laws repealed which authorize flogging in the Navy or merchant service. The following resolutions were adopted unanimously—although there were evidently two parties of sailors at the beginning of the meeting:

Resolved, That the sailors of this meeting do deny that there is any such place as a Sailors' Home provided for them by any Society, and that we do most earnestly protest against the statements of designing men, of whom we know nothing, and of whose collections we receive no part or benefit, directly or indirectly.

Resolved, That we respectfully invite you who are here present to give your influence in behalf of raising our wages to a fair standard, and abolishing that relic of barbarism, the use of the lash, in the Navy, the merchant service, and in all other places where the laws of the United States can reach it.

Resolved, That the Seamen of the Port of Philadelphia do earnestly recommend their only representative, Watson G. Haynes, to the favorable consideration of the whole community, and trust that they will enable him to continue his efforts in bringing about a practical good in our behalf.

Far be it from us to discourage any really benevolent association. But we know there are pretended beneficial societies, which are merely wolves in sheep's clothing. We know that designing and indolent men occasionally resort to the machinery of charitable societies, to get themselves a maintenance as secretaries, &c. The press owes it to the sacred cause of benevolence itself, to expose all such attempts to impose upon the generosity of the community.

CALIFORNIA ITEMS.

The gold is coming. The steamship Crescent City arrived recently at New Orleans, with $500,000 in gold dust. The barque Hecla arrived at Havana, on the 30th ult., from Chagres with $200,000. The amount brought by the U. S. ship Lexington, was $270,000—$150,000 of which has reached the Philadelphia mint. $4,000 has been received at the mint from other sources. Several lumps were found among this last, of the purest virgin gold, weighing two or three ounces each, an inch or two inches long, worn perfectly smooth by the action of the stream in which it was found. The above sums amount to $974,000 in gold dust—quite a fair beginning for a young country.

One man is reported, by a letter in the New Bedford Mercury, to have obtained $140,000 in three months by his own digging; and Messrs. Cross, Hobson & Co., of San Francisco, are said to have made $400,000 profits on goods bought at Valparaiso, during the first five months of the discovery of the gold. Late accounts say that there are about thirty thousand Mexicans on their way to the gold regions. They go in parties, regularly armed and organized.

Gen. Persifer F. Smith's proclamations are utterly disregarded, and serious difficulties are anticipated, if he attempts to put them into force.

A MATTER OF FEELING.

The Germantown Telegraph says:

"It really seems queer to us, that flogging sailors should evoke such exuberant sympathy among certain people, while *flogging of children*, in many of our schools, is still practiced without an effort being made for its suppression."

We are not very warm advocates even of flogging in schools, looking upon it generally as a confession of incompetency on the part of the teacher, but really we are surprised that the editor of the Telegraph can see no difference between flogging *children* and flogging *men*. Would he like to see the whipping post and stocks brought back again into Pennsylvania? Or would he take a dozen lashes with the colt or cat-o'-nine tails on his bare back, as coolly as he would hear that his son had received a slight rattaning at school? We know it is all a matter of feeling—but we are loth to believe that the feelings of our friend of the Telegraph are so peculiar in this respect.

VERY PROBABLE.

Mr. Brisbane, the Fourierist, in a recent speech at Boston, said:

There are not less than one hundred thousand Socialists among the working classes of Paris, and he was surprised at their intelligence. There were tailors and shoemakers among them *who would make such speeches as Mr. Webster or Sir Robert Peel could not make.*

We do not doubt it in the least. We do not believe that Mr. Webster or Sir Robert Peel *could* make such speeches.

IRISH POTATO CROP.

The usual fears are expressed by the Irish papers of a failure of the potato crop. The disease, it seems, has already shown itself in two instances, and in districts where it is said a greater breadth of land than usual has been laid down with potatoes. The Clonmel Chronicle says: "Some samples of young shoots of potatoes have been submitted to us for inspection, in which the disease of the late years was unmistakeably evident."

A TORNADO.

A terrible tornado, on the night of the 8th, swept across the Mississippi, near New Madrid. After doing great damage on land, it encountered the steamboat Memphis, at the foot of island 10, in the Lower Mississippi, and swept off her entire hurricane-roof, the pilot-house, the "Texas," and chimneys. A number of persons were blown into the river and drowned; others made hair-breadth escapes. The boat presented, after the storm, a most desolate appearance.

THE VILLAGE DOCTOR.

Blackwood's Magazine recently published a translation of "*The Village Doctor*," by Madame D'Arbouville, and some of our contemporaries are publishing it as a new thing. An American translation of the same tale appeared in "Graham's Magazine" a year or so ago.

NEW ORLEANS.

Recent news from New Orleans states that the overflow is fast receding, leaving large deposits of mud in the streets, which the citizens had better clean up as soon as possible.

HUNGARIAN VICTORIES.

Notwithstanding the pains taken by the Austrian authorities to suppress all news from Hungary, the *Democratic Pacifique* has private, and, it says, authentic advices which confirm the reported victories of Bem and Dembinski over the Russians. Our readers will be pleased to learn that there are Americans at the head quarters of the Hungarians, giving them what little "aid and comfort" they can.

The *Democrat* affirms positively that the Russian advanced guard suffered a check near Jablunka, some thirty miles from Cracow, in consequence of which a division laid down its arms, abandoning its artillery, with horses and equipage, its baggage, munitions and materials of war.

In the defiles of Eperies, Dembinski has beaten the Russians, and driven the whole body, which was advancing by that route back beyond the Carpathians, all the northern gorges of which range he now occupies.

But a victory which even the Austrian government journals do not dare to deny, says the *Democratic*, is that gained by Bem over a Russian division of 25,000 men, seeking an entrance into Transylvania by the Rothenthurm (Red Tower) Pass. He allowed the enemy to penetrate to the very extremity of the valley, where he was ready to receive them behind some fortifications which he had erected for the purpose. While the Russians were attacking these works the Seckler mountaineers suddenly appeared on the heights of the defile, thus threatening both flanks and the rear of the enemy, whom they destroyed by rolling rocks upon them from above. Terrible confusion instantly appeared in the ranks of the Imperial force, and a flight instantly took place among them, leaving a third of their whole number on the field of battle.

The Hamburger Correspondent announces the success of Bem in these terms: "Bem has swept the frontier of Russian troops from Tenzin to Kubio. More than 70 Russian officers have gone over to the Hungarians. The Hungarians mean to avoid a pitched battle."

The Democratic Pacifique also published a letter from Cracow, dated May 21, which says:

"Bem, who at first had a handful of 'insurgents,' has now an army of more than 60,000 men and 200 cannon. Kirwan and Arsa have been to us precious arsenals of men and arms. The Russians ask nothing better than to be disarmed as soon as they are away from the authority of their Generals. The advantages which Bem has gained are astonishing, especially from the 7th to the 10th of May. Dembinski has also beaten the Russians on the Polish soil of Gallicia. In a former letter I announced to you the presence of noteworthy strangers (French and English) at head quarters, but I was beneath the reality—*there are Americans there also.*"

A correspondent of the National writes from Vienna, "Kossuth pays his men liberally. The common soldier receives ten Kreutzers [about 2 cents] a day in money, a sufficient quantity of meat, bread and vegetables, and a chance for extraordinary rewards, which are as high as 500 florins for the capture of a flag, a cannon, &c. The skill of the Hungarians makes it unlikely that they will be brought to a pitched battle."

The Weser Zeitung says:—It is reported that Essek has been taken by the Hungarians. The district of Sumegh is in open insurrection, which may render difficult the retreat of Jellachich. Perhaps we shall soon see Magyar armies on the shores of the Adriatic Sea. The Russians will advance with greater difficulty than the Czar seems to suppose, and the fever which will prevail during the summer, will greatly weaken his army.

It is added that another Austrian Commander-in-chief has been laid aside. First Windischgratz was the leading general; he was beaten, and replaced by Welden; Welden has been beaten, and is now replaced by General Haynau. All honor to the brave Hungarians—they are bearing up again the falling standard of European freedom on the points of their swords.

INTEMPERANCE.

Dr. Massey, at the recent session of the Ohio State Medical Convention, made the following statements relative to the use of brandy as a preventive of cholera:

"Upon boats on the river, the increase of brandy drinking, consequent upon the approach of the cholera, has been frightful, and the mortality on board those vessels has been terrible and unprecedented. One boat lost forty three, another forty-seven, and a third fifty-nine, of its passengers and crew. Spirits is not a prophylactic in any case. To the temperate, it is an active, exciting cause. To the drinker, it is not advisable to drop off the use suddenly; but the quantity should be diminished rather than increased.

"In Albany, in 1832, the cholera was very severe and fatal. Of 336 cases, all but 16 terminated fatally. Of these, 140 were intemperate, 55 free drinkers, 131 moderate, 5 strictly temperate, 2 members of the temperance societies, and 1 idiot. *All but one were immoderate eaters.* In that city, which had a population of 26,000 inhabitants, 8,000 were members of the temperance societies, of whom only two died. With these facts in view, who can doubt of the danger of spirit drinking?"

THE CHOLERA.

The Cholera still continues in New York—the number of cases increasing, but the number of deaths not increasing in the same proportion; showing a greater mastery over the disease, probably by taking it in time.

In St. Louis, also, the disease at the last accounts was on the increase—several physicians had died from it. In Cincinnati the disease was about the same. In the Western cities generally, we judge by the returns, the disease is rather on the increase. A few cases are reported at Boston and other Eastern cities.

A singular case recently occurred at Chesterfield, Virginia. An eminent physician was summoned in great haste to attend a lady, "the messenger informing him that she was attacked by the cholera. He promptly waited upon her, and assisted to relieve her pains by bringing into the world a smart boy. At Richmond, a worse case occurred. The faculty were called upon to relieve a lady, marked as a victim to the cholera, and the result was the birth of twins, and the rapid recovery of the sick lady. In both instances life was produced instead of death, and both exemplify the folly of the insane fear which turns every attack of disease into cholera."

RENCONTRE.

We have by the telegraph an account of a rencontre in Madison, County, Kentucky, between Cassius M. Clay, and a Mr. Joseph Turner. It is stated that Mr. Clay, having accepted an invitation to address a meeting of Emancipationists, was addressing the assemblage in opposition to slavery, when offence was taken at some of his remarks by Mr. Turner, who rose and gave Mr. Clay the lie. An altercation then ensued, which resulted in a rencontre, in which pistols and bowie knives were used. The first report stated that both parties were killed—Clay being stabbed through the heart, and Turner severely cut in the abdomen and groin. A later account mentions a rumor that Mr. Clay was not killed, and that there was a prospect of his recovery. We wait for full accounts of this matter, before expressing any opinion upon the conduct of the parties.

HEALTH OF THE CITY.

The health of Philadelphia still continues unusually good. We have a few cases of cholera every week, but the average health is much better than it was during the same period last year. During the week ending Saturday, June 17, 1848, the entire number of deaths was 181—last week, the corresponding week this year, the deaths were only 119, of which five were from cholera; being a difference of 53 per cent. in favor of this year. The deaths from all kinds of cholera, and diarrhœa and dysentery, last year were 32—this year (counting the above five cases of Asiatic cholera in the number) they were only 19. So it seems that even in affections of the stomach and bowels, this year so far is healthier than last.

PRESIDENT TAYLOR.

The Washington correspondent of the North American says that the President will probably visit Bedford Springs in the month of August, and afterwards comply with his promise to the citizens of Pittsburg, made when on his way to be inaugurated. He proposes then to journey through the interior of Pennsylvania, and to attend the Agricultural Fair at Syracuse, N. Y. His visit will depend entirely upon the state of the public business, with which he is now heavily taxed.

THE ROMAN MINISTER.

We noticed some weeks since that Felix Foresti, a resident of New York for about ten years, has received the appointment of Minister for the Republic of Rome for the United States.

We notice that a contemporary asks, "*Will General Taylor receive him?*" It seems to us this is a singular question for an American to ask.

FRANKFORT CONVENTION.

The Frankfort Convention has withdrawn from Frankfort, and adjourned to Stuttgard in Wurtemburg. The Speaker resigned his office and seat, but a new one was appointed. At Stuttgard the liberal members will be in the midst of friends.

COFFEE A DISINFECTANT.—It may be well to remind people, in these times, that the odor of roasting coffee is a most powerful disinfecting agent. Take a red hot shovel with a few kernels of coffee upon it, and it will remove entirely the most offensive odor arising from decaying animal or vegetable matter, or from any other source, a fact worth knowing where the cholera prevails. A gentleman who has thoroughly tested this quality in coffee, assures us that there is no mistake as to the virtues ascribed.—*Transcript.*

LARGE OYSTERS.—"Is that what you call an oyster?" asked a green one, the other day, pointing to an immense turtle lying at the door of Walker's Exchange.

"Now it ain't nothing else," replied the quiz.

"Well!" exclaimed the other, "I wouldn't have believed they were so big. How on earth a man can eat six or eight dozen, I can't imagine, unless they shrink up amazin!"

PIMPLES ON THE FACE.—Touch them with spirits of turpentine once in six hours, and they will soon take themselves away. The same remedy, if applied early, will remove a sty from the eyelid; and in nine cases out of ten, prevent boils, if used in the first stages. So some one says.

New Publications.

VOICES OF NATURE AND THOUGHTS IN RHYME. *By Sidney Dyer. Louisville: J. V. Cowling and G. C. Davies. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Phila.* The author says, in his preface, that, at the age of sixteen, he found himself a "drummer boy" in the United States Army, wholly ignorant of the grammar of his "land's language." By the kind exertions of a pious female, he was induced to devote those hours to study, usually given by his companions to idleness, dissipation and vice; and to the blessing of Heaven upon these efforts, he is indebted for all the acquirements he may possess, having from that time to the present hour, enjoyed none of the advantages of school or college. Such a statement is calculated to disarm all unkindly or even impartial criticism. As a sample of Mr. Dyer's poetry, we give the following:

THE DRUMMER BOY.

I.

Oh, once I was a "Drummer Boy,"
And wore a gay cockade,
And merrily marched with a rub-a-dub,
Around the green parade.

II.

But though I seemed to every eye
A thoughtless soldier lad,
I then knew not the light of joy—
My heart was ever sad.

III.

With earliest orient beams I rose
To beat the "Reveille,"
Yet, though it others woke to light,
It brought no light to me!

IV.

At night's return my light "Tattoo"
The weary called to rest,
Ah! then my throbbing heart would beat
A tattoo in my breast.

V.

Whene'er I rolled the "double drag,"
The "Troop" or stirring "Cheers,"
Full faster than my strokes would fall
The showering drops of tears!

VI.

At "Mounting Guard," or on "Review,"
My merry "double quick"
Would make each step and bosom light,
So lively flew my stick;

VII.

But my own heart felt no delight,
Its chords were cold and numb;
And if they gave an echo forth,
'Twas like the "funeral drum."

VIII.

For though I moved among the throng,
And played a gladsome part,
Yet all the while a load of grief
Lay cankering in my heart.

IX.

I mingled with the coarse and rude,
And heard the ribald jest;
And thought to die as they will die,
Unhonored and unblest.

X.

But there was one who saw my grief,
Just bordering on despair;
She sought me out, and angel like,
Made all my woes her care.

XI.

Oh! then my soul o'erflowed with bliss,
My step was light and free,
While my full heart with joyance beat
Its first glad "Reveille!"

XII.

My feet were turned on Wisdom's "March!"
And on my raptured sight
The dawning broke, and since that hour
Has poured increasing light.

XIII.

When now I think of "auld lang syne,"
Of present, past employ,
I scarce can make myself believe
I was that "Drummer Boy!"

DANTE'S DIVINE COMEDY: THE INFERNO. *A literal prose translation, with the text of the original collated from the best editions, and explanatory notes. By John A. Carlyle, M. D. New York: Harper & Brothers.* Mr. Carlyle says in his preface: "The object of this translation is to give the real meaning of Dante as literally and briefly as possible. No single particle has been wittingly left unrepresented in it, for which any equivalent could be discovered; and the few words that have been added, are marked in italics. English readers, it is hoped, will here find a closer, and therefore, with all its defects, a warmer version than any that has hitherto been published for them."

This translation has been published for some years, we believe, in England, but this is the first American edition. Judging from the encomiums we have seen upon it, those of our readers who are ignorant of Italian, and desire some knowledge of a world-renowned book, could not do better than to read the present volume. *For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.*

LYNCH'S NARRATIVE OF THE EXPLORING EXPEDITION. After a more extended examination of this work, we commend it again to our readers as one of great interest. We take the following extracts from its pages:

SOURCE OF THE JORDAN.

In the afternoon Prince Ali called upon us. He is of the family of Shad, which came in with Saladin, and is the oldest in Syria. We accompanied him to the source of the Jordan. Descending the ravine, and turning to the North, we passed through groves of olive, fig, and mulberry trees, and crossed the river over a one-arched bridge; the banks lined with willow and plane trees, and luxuriantly fertile. Thence going East, in ten minutes we came suddenly to the source, a bold, perpendicular rock, from beneath which the river gushed copious, translucent and cool, in two rectangular streams, one to the North East, the other to the North West. The scarf of the rock was about 40 feet high, and the North East branch, being mere back-water, extended only a few hundred yards; but its banks were fringed with the wild rose, the white and pink oleander, and the clematis orientalis, or oriental virgin's bower. The North-West branch, at the distance of about a hundred yards, plunged over a dam, and went rushing through the arch of the bridge below. The hand of art could not have improved the scene. The gigantic rock, all majesty, above; its banks, enamelled with beauty and fragrance, all loveliness, beneath; render it a fitting fountain head of a stream which was destined to lave the immaculate body of the Redeemer of the world. Mr. Dale, who had the eye of an artist, thought that the scene would make a more beautiful picture than any he had ever beheld. He sketched it, with Prince Ali in the foreground.

PILLAR OF SALT AT USDUM (SODOM.)

At 8:30, started again and steered E. S. E., sounding every five minutes, the depth from one to one and three quarter fathoms; white and black slime and mud. A swallow flew by us. At 8:52, stopped to take compass bearings. Seetzen saw this salt mountain in 1806, and says that he never before beheld one so torn and riven; but neither Costigan nor Molyneaux, who were in boats, came farther South on the sea than the peninsula. With regard to this part, therefore, which most probably covers the guilty cities,—

"We are the first
That ever burst
Into this silent sea."

At 9, the water shoaling, hauled more off shore. Soon after, to our astonishment, we saw on the Eastern side of Usdum, one-third the distance from its North extreme, a lofty, round pillar, standing apparently detached from the general mass, at the head of a deep, narrow, and abrupt chasm. We immediately pulled in for the shore, and Dr. Anderson and I went up and examined it. The beach was a soft, slimy mud encrusted with salt, and a short distance from the water, covered with saline fragments and flakes of bitumen. We found the pillar to be of solid salt, capped with carbonate of lime, cylindrical in front and pyramidal behind. The upper or rounded part, is about forty feet high, resting on a kind of oval pedestal, from forty to sixty feet above the level of the sea. It slightly decreases in size upwards, crumbles at the top, and is one entire mass of crystallization. A prop, or buttress, connects it with the mountain behind, and the whole is covered with debris of a light stone color. Its peculiar shape is doubtless attributable to the action of the winter rains. The Arabs had told us in vague terms that there was to be found a pillar somewhere upon the shores of the sea; but their statements in all other respects had proved so unsatisfactory, that we could place no reliance upon them.*

. . . .

The Southern shore represented a mud flat, which is terminated by the high hills bounding the Ghor to the Southward. A very extensive plain or delta, low and marshy towards the sea, but rising gently, and, farther back, covered with luxuriant green, is the outlet of Wady es Safieh (clear ravine), bearing S. E. by S. Anxious to examine it, we coasted along, just keeping the boat afloat, the in-shore oars stirring up the mud. The shore was full three fourths of a mile distant, the line of demarcation scarce perceptible, from the stillness of the water, and the smooth, shining surface of the marsh. On the flat beyond, were lines of drift-wood, and here and there, in the shallow water, branches of dead trees, which, like those at the peninsula, were coated with saline incrustation. The bottom was so very soft that it yielded to everything, and at each cast the sounding-lead sank deep into the mud. Thermometer, 89°. Threw the drag over, but it brought up nothing but soft, marshy, light-colored mud.

It was indeed a scene of unmitigated desolation. On one side, rugged and worn, was the salt mountain of Usdum, with its conspicuous pillar, which reminded us at least of the catastrophe of the plain; on the other were the lofty and barren cliffs of Moab, in one of the caves of which the fugitive Lot found shelter. To the South was an extensive flat, intersected by sluggish drains, with the high hills of Edom semi-girdling the salt plain where the Israelites repeatedly overthrew their enemies; and to the North was the calm and motionless sea, curtained with a purple mist, while many fathoms deep in the slimy mud beneath it lay embedded the ruins of the ill-fated cities of Sodom and Gomorrah. The glare of light was blinding to the eye, and the atmosphere difficult of respiration. No bird fanned with its wing the attenuated air through which the sun poured his scorching rays upon the mysterious element on which we floated, and which, alone, of all the works of its Maker, contains no living thing within it.

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*A similar pillar is mentioned by Josephus, who expresses the belief of its being the identical one into which Lot's wife was transformed. His words are, "But Lot's wife continually turning back to view the city as she went from it, and being too nicely inquisitive what would become of it, although God had forbidden her so to do, was changed into a pillar of salt, for I have seen it, and it remains at this day."—1 *Josephus' Antiq.*, book 1, chap. 12.

Clement of Rome, a contemporary of Josephus, also mentions this pillar, and likewise Irenæus, a writer of the second century, who, yet more superstitious than the other two, adds the hypothesis, how it came to last so long with all its members entire.—Reyland relates an old tradition that as fast as any part of this pillar was washed away, it was supernaturally renewed.

LIFE IN THE FAR WEST. *By George Frederic Ruxton, author of "Adventures in Mexico and the Rocky Mountains," &c. New York: Harper & Brothers.* This narrative, which is strictly true, was originally published in Blackwood's Magazine. The author (who deceased in London in October 1848) was an English gentleman, formerly of her Majesty's 89th regiment. Singularly fond of adventure, he served in Spain, afterwards in Canada, and then, resigning his commission, directed his steps towards the wilds of the Far West—in which he declared he had spent the "very happiest moments" of his life. As a picture of life in the Far West, this work may therefore be unhesitatingly depended upon. *For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.* Price thirty-seven and a-half cents.

APPLETON'S NEW YORK CITY AND VICINITY GUIDE. *Illustrated with Maps and Engravings. By W. Williams. New York: D. Appleton & Co.* This is a very useful little work for travellers. It gives an accurate description of New York and its environs, with its public buildings, places of interest, &c; also a complete list of the steamboat, railroad and stage conveyances, with times of departure, fare, &c. *For sale by G. S. Appleton, Phil.*

LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE. The July number contains an engraving called "The Gentle Warning," one of a lady on horseback, holding the reins in her *right* hand, in a manner to shock the Messrs. Craiges; "Grandfather's Arm Chair," &c. The contributors are Mrs. Stephens, Clara Moreton, Rev. Sidney Dyer, H Morford, T. H. Chivers, M. D., &c.

JOHNSTON'S SCRAPS. The price of this series (recently noticed) has been reduced to fifty cents a number.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. The last number of the Age is for sale by *Taylor, Canning & Co., Phila.*

POSTSCRIPT.

ONE WEEK LATER.

By the arrival of the America, we have one week's later intelligence from Europe.

Affairs on the Continent have undergone no important change during the week preceding the departure of the America, though the events had been neither few nor trifling.

The Paris journals of Thursday furnish intelligence to the 2d inst., up to which date hostilities had not commenced, though Gen. Oudinot denounced the Armistice.

All accounts received from the French departments, represent the appearance of the growing crops in the most favorable light, and the same may be said also of the crops in England.

In Ireland, however, although there are yet no just grounds for positive alarm, yet there are unmistakeable evidences of the fatal disease in the growing potato, and especially in the vicinity of Dublin.

Lord Clarendon has officially announced that the sentence of death passed on the State prisoners in Ireland, has been commuted to transportation for life.

The whole of the Western Provinces in Ireland, are represented as in the most deplorable condition. Society is utterly disorganized.

The conduct of the American Government in reference to the expedition to be sent in search of Sir John Franklin, has been alluded to in Parliament in very flattering terms.

The Emperor of Russia is said to be in the market for a loan of fifty millions of roubles.

In France the new Cabinet has been formed by the coalition of Odilon Barrot and Dufaure. The new ministry is the same as the old, except that Dufaure takes the department of Minister of the Interior, M. De Tocqueville of Foreign Affairs, and M. Laquinias of Commerce. Both Bedeau and Remusat have refused to accept the Department of Foreign Affairs in consequence of the difficulties of the Italian question. Much surprise was excited by the exclusion of Marshal Bugeaud from the list.

The Paris papers generally express their disapproval of the compromise, and predict its failure. The Red Republicans are especially violent in denouncing the new Ministry.

The message of the President of the French Republic, to the Legislative Assembly was published in the Paris papers of Tuesday. It is composed upon the American, and not on the European model, and fills four columns of the European Times.

M. Lessep's idea of conquering the Romans into an affection for France, has not yet been realized, and he has returned to Paris for further instructions.

Some accounts say that he was recalled, and that the same messenger carried positive instructions to Gen. Oudinot to reduce the Holy City to subjection, at all hazard, and that having moved his army close to the city, he would commence the attack with 25,000 men, on the 30th of May.

The Romans have announced firm resolutions to defend to the death the expected assault of the French, and it is stated that they have an efficient force of 80,000 men.

The Pope still persists in demanding the unqualified renewal of his power as a temporal ruler. This the Triumvirate, backed by the people, declare they will never concede.

EFFORT TO OBTAIN A MODEL REPUBLIC IN GERMANY.—The Frankfort Parliament has transferred its sessions to Stuttgard. Its influence will be exercised to form a Republic after the French model, to be composed of Baden, Wurtemburg, Rhenish Bavaria, &c.

MORE VICTORIES GAINED BY THE HUNGARIANS.—The war in Hungary presents no new feature, and since the fall of Buda into the hands of the Hungarians, no event has occurred calculated to have a permanent influence on the result of the struggle, though the Hungarians have achieved further and in some respects important victories. There is evidence that the contestants are concentrating their force, and accounts of a tremendous battle are every day looked for.

LIVERPOOL COTTON MARKET, June 9.—Under the influence of favorable accounts from India, the confirmation by the American packet of the damage done to the growing crops and the consequent rise in prices, the prospect of an abundant harvest, and the cheerful prospect of the Manchester market, buyers came in and operated on a large scale up to the close of the week, and the market closed at an advance of ⅛ of a penny per lb. for all the qualities of American, except good fair, which are only ⅛ of a penny dearer. Sea Island has recovered the decline ⅛ to ¼ per lb. noticed last week.

Wheat and Flour moved slowly, and in some cases a decline from the previous Tuesday of 1d per bushel, and 6d. per barrel and sack was submitted to. Indian Corn was 6d. per quarter lower, and the demand less than of late. No change in other articles, and the general trade was very slack.

☞ LAUGHING AT CALAMITIES.—At the Olympic Theatre, in New Orleans, they are playing an aquatic farce called "Hydraulics, or the Age of Water."

☞ Rev. Henry Giles, the brilliant and celebrated lecturer, is to preach regularly to the Unitarian Society of Calais, Me.

☞ A grocer in Dublin advertises whiskey for sale *which was drank by his late Majesty.*

☞ Mrs. Swisshelm says that a man in regimentals always makes her feel as if somebody had lost a monkey.

☞ Mr. Clay, it is said, intends leaving home shortly, for the Northern Lakes, on account of his health.

☞ A Dumfries paper gives an account of an infant a few months old that was destroyed by a cat, which attacked it during the momentary absence of its mother. The cat was not known to be rabid, yet in a few minutes inflicted so severe wounds about the head and face that surgical aid was of no avail.

Political Intelligence.

MR. BENTON.

Mr. Benton is now engaged canvassing Missouri, in opposition to the slavery resolutions of the Missouri Legislature. The following extract from a recent very voluminous address, seems to denote exactly the ground occupied by him:

"My personal sentiments, are against the institution of slavery, and against its introduction into places in which it does not exist. If there was no slavery in Missouri to-day, I should oppose its coming in; if there was none in the United States, I should oppose its coming into the United States; as there is none in New Mexico or California, I am against sending it to those territories, and could not vote for such a measure—a declaration which costs me but little, the whole dispute now being about the abstract right of carrying slaves there, without the exercise of the right. No one asks for the exercise of the right, and cannot ask it in the face of the *dogma* which denies the power to grant it. States do as they please. These are my principles."

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, June 16, 1849.

REMARKS.—The inactivity which has pervaded the market for a month past, still continues. Breadstuffs have been in limited demand, with the exception of Corn, which has been in active request for shipment to Europe, and prices have advanced. The Cotton market has been quiet, and holders in order to effect sales have been compelled to accept rather lower rates. There has been rather more inquiry for Sugar, but the transactions have been of a moderate extent, without change in prices. The Stock market has been quite buoyant, in consequence of the large arrivals of California gold, and the favorable news from Europe, and prices, not only of the securities, but of sound fancies have advanced. The Money market continues easy, and the banks discount all the good paper presented. The amount of paper offering on the street is quite limited, and loans on undoubted security have been made at the legal rate of interest. There was but a limited amount of business transacted in Sterling Bills for transmission by the last steamer at 1 08½a1 09½.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The demand for Flour for shipment has been moderate, but the supplies have only been to a limited extent, and the advance of 12½c noticed at the close of our last report, has been fully sustained. Sales of 8,000 bbls common and fair brands Pennsylvania and Western, at $4,62½, and choice brands at $4,75 per bbl. For city consumption, prices range from $4,62½ to 4,75 for common and good brands, and extra and fancy brands at $4,81½ to 5,25. Rye Flour has slightly advanced. Sales of 2,000 bbls early in the week at $2,75a2,87½, and since at $2,87½a3, but principally at $2,87½. Corn Meal—The demand has been limited, but prices have not varied. Sales of 1,800 bbls Pennsylvania, at $2,75 per bbl.

The quantity of Flour and Meal inspected during the week ending June 14, was as follows:

Wheat Flour	bbls	12,780
do.	half bbls	93
Rye Flour	bbls	663
Corn Meal		3,197
do.	half bbls	14

GRAIN.—Supplies of Wheat continue to come in slowly, but the demand has been limited and prices have not varied. Sales of 15 or 16,000 bushels superior and prime red at $1a1 03, and white at $1,07a1,11 including some inferior and slightly sprouted at $1,03a1,07 per bushel. There has been an active demand for Corn, and since the receipt of the foreign news prices have advanced. Sales of 50,000 bushels Southern and Pennsylvania yellow, early in the week, at 60c in store and 61½ afloat; and to day, at 61a62½c, including 1,300 bushels white at 56, and some damaged 49c, weight. Oats are dull. Sales of 6,000 bushels superior and prime Southern at 28a31; 1,500 prime Jersey at 31½, and Pennsylvania in lots at 32a33c per bushel.

PROVISIONS.—The demand for Pork continues limited. Sales of Mess, in small lots, at $10,50a10,62½, and Prime at $8,87a9 per bbl. City packed Mess Beef is dull, and the sales are only in small lots for ship stores, at $13a13,50. Bacon is in fair demand, and with an unusually light stock for this season of the year holders have been enabled to realize a further advance. Sales of 3a400 casks plain and fancy canvassed Hams at 7½ to 13½c. Sides 6, now held at 6½c, and Shoulders at 5¼c per lb. Lard—Sales in bbls at 7¼a7⅜, and kegs at 7¾a8c. Butter is extremely dull. Sales of 30,000 lbs solid packed Western at 6½c per pound. Sales of Cheese in lots at 7 to 7½c per lb.

AMERICAN FABRICS.—The demand continues limited for all descriptions, but we have no change to notice in prices.

BARK.—There is a good demand for Quercitron Bark, and prices are fully maintained. Sales of 110 hhds No. 1 at $28, and No. 2 at $25, per ton. Cargo sales of Spanish Oak at $16, and Chesnut at $13 per cord.

BEESWAX.—Continues in limited demand, but prices are steady at 21 cts per lb for good Yellow, at which some further small sales have been made.

CANDLES.—Sales of 100 boxes Sperm, in lots, at 33a34c per lb. In Tallow Candles, limited sales at previous rates.

COAL.—There is a moderate demand for Anthracite, and prices are steady at $3,87½ for Schuylkill White Ash and $4,25 for Broken, per ton. Supplies continue heavy both from the Schuylkill and Lehigh mines. In Lehigh Coal no changes. Several cargoes of Allegheny Bituminous Coal sold at 14a15 cts per bushel, but principally at the latter rate.

COFFEE.—There is a moderate demand, and prices are firm; sales of 1,600 bags Rio at 7a7½c per lb. on time, and a small lot of Cuba and St. Domingo at 6c.

COTTON.—The market has been very quiet during the past week. The demand has been limited, and with moderate receipts holders have been compelled to submit to a decline of ½c per lb in order to effect sales.—The transactions comprise 700 bales Upland, New Orleans and Mobile at 7 to 9c, but principally at 7½a8½c per lb.

COPPER.—The demand continues limited—small sales of English Sheathing Copper at 21, and Yellow Metal at 18c per lb, on time.

FISH.—The demand for Mackerel is limited, but prices are unchanged; an invoice of Massachusetts inspection 1's and 2's, sold from landing at $11 and 6 per bbl. Most of the recent arrivals of Halifax Fish have gone into store. From store, moderate sales of No. 1 at $11 a11, No. 2 at $7a6 75, and No. 3, which are very scarce at $1,25. In Codfish no change.

GINSENG.—There has been an increased demand, but prices have not varied—sales of 2,000 lbs Crude, part at 22a30c per lb, and part on terms not made public.

GUANO.—The demand continues limited—small sales of Patagonian at $37a38, and Peruvian at $47a48 per ton.

HEMP.—The market has been very quiet, and we have no sales to notice since our last weekly report.

HOPS.—Continue dull; sales of 1st sort in small lots at 8c per lb.

INDIGO.—Market firm, and the sales have been confined to a few small lots at previous rates.

IRON.—The market continues exceedingly dull. Some contracts for Anthracite Nos. 1 and 2 have been made, but the particulars have not transpired. In Blooms and Manufactured Iron, the sales have been limited at previous rates.

LEAD.—The market continues firm; sales of 1,700 pigs, part previous to arrival, at 5c per lb cash.

LUMBER.—The receipts of all descriptions of Lumber continue heavy, but, with a moderate demand, prices remain stationary. Yellow Pine Boards range from $12 to 15, and White Pine at $10a14 per M feet. Laths are plenty and dull.

MOLASSES.—The market continues inactive; sales of 200 hhds Matanzas at 19c; some Cuba Muscovado at 21c; and 283 bbls New Orleans on private terms.

OILS.—In Fish Oil we have no change to notice, and the sales are confined to small parcels to the trade, from store. Lard Oil dull, and no sales have transpired. Linseed Oil is in moderate demand. Sales of 3a7,000 gallons at 59a60c, in casks and bbls.

PLASTER.—An import of [illegible] Plaster sold at $1,25 per ton.

RICE.—There has been an increased demand, and prices are fully maintained. Sales of 4a500 tierces at $3,12a3,37 per 100 lbs cash and on time.

SALT.—No arrivals and no cargo sales have transpired.

SALTPETRE.—Sales of 203 bags E I Crude at 6½, and in small lots at 6½c per lb.

SEEDS.—Small sales of fair and good Clover at $3,75a4,00 per 64 lbs. In Timothy nothing doing. Flaxseed is in good demand at $1,40 measure and $1,40 weight.

SPICES.—The sales have been limited at previous rates.

SPIRITS.—A cargo of Bordeaux Brandy has arrived and is now landing, but no large lots have yet been disposed of. Sales of Bordeaux, in small parcels, at $1,10a1,15; Rochelle $1,25a1,30, and old Cognac at $1,50a2,25; 20 half pipes Hennessy at $1,60a1,75. In Gin, no change. N. E. Rum is dull at 26a27 cents. Whiskey is in limited demand. Sales of 6a700 bbls, at 21c, and hhds in small lots at the same price.

SUGARS.—There has been more activity in the market, but we have no change to notice in prices—sales of 4a500 hhds Porto Rico at $4,50a5,00, and Cuba, part at $4,53, and part on private terms; a lot of Havana brown and yellow at $5a6,50, and some Clarified New Orleans at $1,53, all on time.

TALLOW.—The market continues exceedingly dull. Sales of Country and City Rendered at 7a8½c per lb.

TEAS.—There is a moderate demand for Teas at steady prices.

TOBACCO.—There has been more activity in the market, and upwards of 250 hhds Kentucky Leaf have been taken at 4a8¼c per lb on time.

WINES.—The market is inactive. Small sales of Sweet and dry Malaga at 41a46c, on time, and Cette Port at 40a45c.

FREIGHTS.—There is but little activity in the market. Some engagements to Liverpool have been made at 7a7½d per bushel for Corn; 1s 9d a2s per bbl. for Flour and Meal, and 35a40s 6d per ton for heavy goods. To Southern ports the rates are nominal. Vessels are in moderate request at $1,50 per ton to Boston, $1,25a1,30 to Rhode Island, and $1 to New York.—*Inquirer.*

THE STOCK MARKET

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY CHARLES CAMBLOS, STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKER.
No. 22 South Third street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Monday last. Market closing dull.

	Bid	Asked		Bid	Asked
U S 6s '56	105	107	Mechanics'	27¼	27½
" '62	111	112	Southwark	70	[illegible]
" '67	116	117	Kensington	58	60
" '68	116½	117½	P Township	27	28½
" 5s '53	100	100½	Girard	10½	11
Int due 1 July off			Western	57½	58½
" 5s '51	98	101	Man & Mechs	45	50
War Bty scr	100	—	Bk of Com	51	52
U S Tr N 6s	116¼	116½	Camden N J	51	54
" 1 mill	116	—	Germantown	49	50
Philada 6s	104	105	Trenton BkgCo	72	—
" 5s	96	—	Pittsburg Bank	56	—
" Gas	—	—	M & M, Pitts	49	—
County 5s	95	96	Exchange, Pitts	45	47
Penna 6s	101	101½	Com, Cincin	15	—
" 5s	91	92	Louisville, Ky	97	98
Kentucky 6s	107	—	Kentucky Bk	[illegible]	97½
Tennessee 6s	84½	87½	Northern	116	—
Illinois 6s	44	—	Union, Tenn	49½	50
Cincinnati 6s	94	95	Planters, Tenn	44	45
Texas T. Notes	8	10	Vicksburg	13	14
" bds	—	—	Com, Natchez	—	—
Schuyl N 6s	53	[illegible]	N O Gas Bk	115	119
" Int	56	—	Schuylkill Nav	18	20
Lehigh N 6s	68	70	Lehigh Nav	58½	[illegible]
" 1st loan	55	57	C & Del Cl	70	80
" Mort 6s	88	89	Morris Cl	9½	10
C & Del Cl 6s	89½	90	Penn & Ohio Cl	33	—
C & Am R bds	96½	97	Union Cl	1½	1¾
Bea Mdw R 6s	75	—	Cam & Am R	140	142
Susqueh Cl 6s	50	51	Penna R	40	—
Norrist'n R 6s	70	—	Bea Mdw R	20½	21
Harrisburg R 6s	99	—	Lykens Val R	25	—
Wil R 6s	89½	90	North Am Cl	—	[illegible]
Read R 6s	57	58	Susqueh Cl	10½	11½
" Mort 6s	69	69½	Norristown R	14½	14¾
U S Bk Notes	89	90	Harrisburg R	48½	50
U S Bk Shares	9½	[illegible]	Wilmington R	28	28½
N Amer Bk	120	130	Reading R	18½	18¾
Penna Bk	112	113*	Minehill R	65	67
Philadelphia	129	130	N Liberty Gas	22	25
Far & Mec	64	64½	Flem Copper	—	—
Commercial	56	57	N J Copper	4½	5¼
M Liberty	45	—			

* Shares been divided into 3 shares.

☞ "In the choice of wives, very pious men are seldom fortunate."—*St. Gongulf, an old writer on divinity.*

United States
SATURDAY POST.
Philadelphia:
SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1849.

MARIA EDGEWORTH.

The Boston Daily Advertiser says that a few years ago, after a dangerous illness, this gifted and truly excellent woman, wrote to a friend as follows: "'And now it is all over, I thank God, not only for my recovery, but for my illness. In very truth, and without the least exaggeration or affectation of sentiment, I declare that, on the whole, my illness was a source of more pleasure than pain to me; and I would willingly go through all the fever and weakness to have the delight of the feelings of tender, warm affection, and the consequent unspeakable sensations of gratitude. When I felt that it was more than probable that I should not recover—with a pulse above 120, and at the entrance of my seventy-sixth year—I was not alarmed; I felt ready to rise thankful from the banquet of life, where I had been a happy guest. I confidingly relied upon the goodness of my Creator." And again, a few weeks since, she wrote: 'Our pleasures in literature do not, I think, decrease with age. Last first of January was my eighty-second birthday, *and I think that from books I had as much enjoyment last year as I ever had in any year of my life*.' And thus she went onward, doing good and enjoying the good she did, until, after only a few hours of illness, she was called to close her long and happy life, which, to an extraordinary degree, had been given to the cultivation of what was best and gentlest in her own nature and in the hearts of all whom she could reach, either by her modest, personal example, or by the manifold influences of her genius."

ROME.

Among the enactments of the new government at Rome, are said to be the following:

To every peasant, not a proprietor, is assigned as much land of the Ecclesiastical Estates as two oxen can plough. And where there are lots of spare room in the convents, *the poor are to have clean and wholesome abodes in these vast tenements, long more than nine-tenths empty.*

The following is an extract from a letter of an English physician resident at Rome, which the N. York Tribune says may be relied upon:

Wonderful is the calm and cheerfulness of the Romans of both sexes, amid their dangers, difficulties and sufferings; wonderful the order and dignity, and respect of property and person. Even the priests, with the exception of some two or three, who fired on the people and were caught, Papal banner in hand, urging on the French soldiers, have been unharmed. Some were useful to the wounded, however, and some fought well at the barricades. But the sun burnt, bright-eyed women at the Fountain, and the delicate citizen's daughter in her *salone*, all reason alike: "Pio IX., a year ago, would not fight the Croats, because he was a man of peace; and now he sends barbarians and bandits to slaughter us, his children!"

I regret to say that the French did not deserve the kind treatment they received, (some of them, at least,) as they barbarously *slew many unoffending women, and children at the breast*, in the gardens and vineyards outside the walls! Not only is this *official* news, but I know it from personal observation and from others who sought for wounded after the action. They had also inhumanly killed and mutilated six or more wounded of the "Corpo Universitario."

CHOLERA RECEIPT.

We copy the following receipt from the National Intelligencer. It was communicated by Mr. Thos. S. Bryant, Paymaster U. S. Army:

Laudanum,	each	2 ounces.
Spirits Camphor,		
Tincture Cayenne Pepper,		2 drachms.
Tincture Ginger,		1 ounce.
Essence of Peppermint,		2 ounces.
Hoffman's Anodyne,		2 ounces.

Mix all together. Dose, a table-spoonful, in a little water, for an adult.

Mr. Bryant says: "This preparation is carried on nearly all the boats on the Western waters, and will check diarrhœa in ten minutes, and abate the other premonitory symptoms of cholera immediately. I have tried it on my own person, and have given the recipe to over one hundred persons."

MORSE VS. O'REILLY.

The U. S. Circuit Court, sitting at Frankfort, after a full hearing, issued an order, restoring to O'Reilly possession of the Kentucky section of the line, between Nashville and Louisville, thus opening a direct telegraph communication with New Orleans.

Mr. O'Reilly stated that he intended to use Bain's Patent on the line, and the court decided that patent no infringement of the injunction laid by Morse & Kendall. Able counsel appeared on both sides.

Board of Health.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city was 119—adults 57, and children 62.

Miscellaneous.

ON THE TRAMP.

The following letter to the St. Louis Republican dated Fort Kearney, Nebraska Territory, May 18th, 1849, is interesting and amusing:

Gentlemen:—The Mormon mail from the happy valley of the Salt Lake, has just dropped in upon us on its way to the frontiers. The ice is at last broken, and the inundation of gold diggers is upon us. The first specimen, with a large pick axe over his shoulder, a long rifle in his hand and two revolvers and a Bowie knife stuck in his belt, made his appearance here a week ago last Sunday. He only had time to ask for a drink of *buttermilk*, a piece of *ginger bread*, and how "*fur*" it was to "*Californy*," and then hallooing to his long legged, slab-sided cattle, drawing a diminutive, yellow-top Yankee wagon, he disappeared on the trail towards the gold "diggins." Since then, wagons have been constantly passing. Up to this morning, four hundred and seventy-six wagons have gone past this point, and this is but the advance guard. Persons who have come through hurriedly from the frontiers, say that every road is lined. This is an excellent point from which to see all that is desirable to be seen, as all the roads unite before reaching here.

Every State, and I presume almost every town and county in the United States, is now represented in this part of the world. Wagons of all patterns, sizes and descriptions, drawn by bulls, cows, oxen, jackasses, mules and horses, are daily seen rolling along towards the Pacific, guarded by walking arsenals. Arms of all kinds must certainly be scarce in the States, after such a drain as the emigrants must have made upon them. Not a man but what has a gun and a revolver or two, and one fellow I saw actually had no less than *three Bowie knives* stuck in his belt. Many of the parties as originally formed in the States, have had dissensions and are broken up, and each fellow is striking out for himself.

However, all are jogging on their way, with the determination, apparently, of finding the end of the road—and, in truth, it matters but little whether a man is in an organized company or by himself, for it is impossible to get out of sight of wagons.—Such an emigration as is now passing over the plains, has not had its parallel in any age. Composed, as it mostly is, of the best material of our land, the country that receives it must necessarily assume a commanding position. Many rascals are along with the crowd, to give it a little seasoning. Several horses and mules have changed hands; but as it is an Indian country, the poor Indian must bear the blame. The last arrival from the frontiers is a solitary foot traveller, who says he has come all the way from Maine, without the assistance of either railroad, stage, steamboat or telegraph wires. He is accompanied by a savage-looking bull dog, has a long rifle over his shoulder, on the end of which he carries his baggage, consisting of a small bundle about the size of your hat. He has no provisions, but gets along pretty well by sponging on his fellow travellers. He says he wants but a hundred meals to carry him through, and he rather guessed he'll find Christians enough on the road to supply him with that number.

One of the men with the Mormon mail is just from the "diggings" in California, and is certainly a happy fellow, for he says he has as much gold as he wants. He showed a stocking full as a specimen, and, as you may well suppose, the emigrants opened wide their eyes at the sight of the glittering mass.

May 19th.—The cry is, "still they come."—Yesterday 160 wagons passed here, making in all 636.

TREATMENT OF A SUITOR.

N. P. Willis, in the Home Journal, thus discourses upon a matter of some interest:

From the moment that a young man assumes the attitude of allowed suitor to a lady, he should be encircled with the kind protection and considerate respect which belongs to a relative. The necessary enquiry into his character and position should be made with the utmost delicacy, and by those alone who have the warrant of parental authority. In their manners to him, the family of the lady should show that they consider him made sacred by the preference of their beloved one, and should anticipate, by courtesy, the confiding cordiality he is expected and trusted to deserve. His own value should be fully and generously allowed, and a deference to his wishes and opinions should be shown, such as will chime with the probable state of things in a year after his marriage. Whatever be the kind of man a daughter is likely to marry, he would be tenfold more bound to be a good husband and a kind relative, by such treatment, than by the suspicious coldness and cautious disparagement we have described.

☞ It is only necessary to grow old, to become more indulgent. I see no fault committed that I have not committed myself.—*Goeth.*

ADVENTURE WITH CALIFORNIA ROBBERS.

I once hunted for three months in company with a hunter well known in California. In idea he was wild and imaginative in the extreme; but in his acts of daring, &c., the most cool and philosophic fellow I ever knew. A commerciante, or merchant, at San Francisco, on whose veracity I know from experience I can depend, told me the following story of this man, which will at once illustrate his general character:

"This hunter was, some months before I had fallen in with him, making the best of his way down the valley of the Tule Lakes from the interior, with a heavy pack of furs on his back, his never-erring rifle in his hand, and his two dogs by his side. He was joined at the northernmost end of the valley by the merchant I have spoken of, who was armed only with a sword and pistols.

"They had scarcely cleared the valley when a party of robbers galloped out before them. There were four whites fully armed, and two Indians with their lassos coiled up in their right hands, 'ready for a throw.' The hunter told the merchant, who was on horseback, to dismount instantly, 'and to cover.' Fortunately for them, there was a good deal of thicket, and trunks of large trees that had fallen were strewed about in a very desirable manner. Behind these logs the merchant and the hunter quickly took up their position, and as they were in the act of doing so, two or three shots were fired after them without effect. The hunter coolly untied the pack of furs from his back and laid them beside him. 'It's my opinion, merchant,' said he, 'that them varmints there want either your saddle-bags or my pack, but I reckon they'll get neither.'

"So he took up his rifle, fired, and the foremost Indian, lasso in hand, rolled off his horse. Another discharge from the rifle, and the second Indian fell, while in the act of throwing the lasso at the head and shoulders of the hunter, as he raised himself from behind the log to fire. 'Now,' said the hunter, as he reloaded, lying on his back to avoid the shots of the robbers, 'that's what I call the best of the scrimmage, to get them brown thieves with their lasso out of the way first. See them rascally whites now jumping over the logs to charge us in our cover.'

"They were fast advancing, when the rifle again spoke out, and the foremost fell; they still came on within thirty yards—another fell, and the remaining two made a desperate charge close up to the log. The hunter, from long practice, was dexterous in reloading his gun. 'Now, merchant,' said he, 'is the time for your pop-guns, (meaning the pistols,) and don't be at all narvous; keep a steady hand, and drop either man or horse. A man of them shan't escape.'

"The two remaining robbers were now up with the log, and fired each a pistol-shot at the hunter, which he escaped by dodging behind a tree close to, from which he fired with effect. As only one rider was left, he wheeled round his horse with the intention of galloping off, when the pistol bullets of the merchant shot the horse from under him.

"'Well done, merchant,' said the hunter, 'you've stopped that fellow's gallop.' As soon as the robber could disentangle himself from the fallen horse, he took to his heels and ran down a sloping ground as fast as he could. The hunter drew his tomahawk from his belt, and gave chase after him. As the robber was more of an equestrian than a pedestrian, the nimbleness of the hunter soon shortened the distance between them, and the last of the robbers fell. Thus perished this dangerous gang of six, by the single hand of this brave hunter, and, as the commerciante informed me, he acted as coolly and deliberately as if he were shooting tame bullocks for the market.

"The affair was rather advantageous to the hunter, for, on searching the saddle-bags and pockets of the robbers, he pulled forth some doubloons and dollars, with other valuables, which they had, no doubt, a short time previously taken from some traveller: the saddle-bags, arms and accoutrements of the four white men were packed up and made fast on the saddles of the two horses, the hunter mounting a third, the merchant another, his horse being shot, and thus they left the scene of action, leaving the bodies of the robbers to the wolves, who were howling about them, and entered San Francisco, in triumph."—*Coulter's Adventures on the Western Coast of South America.*

CAUSES OF FAILURE IN BUSINESS.

A writer in the Providence Journal makes some calculations to show that the failure of nine-tenths of those who embark in mercantile business is directly attributable rather to a profuse expenditure of their gains in living beyond their incomes, and in rashly extended operations, undertaken to sustain such a career, than to the generally unrequited nature of business pursuits. It appears by a recent statistical report, that one half of the whole property of Providence, with a population of 40,000, is in the hands of 175 individuals. The Journal says:

"It will be found, on investigation, that the large estates of the 175 individuals, who possess one-half of the whole property in this city, have been solely acquired by persevering diligence and economy, rather than by bold enterprises, which, when successful, induce reckless habits, like success in drawing the prizes in a lottery."

Every one becomes surprised in examining the Annuity Tables in familiar use in the offices of Life Insurance Companies, at the astonishing aggregate amount of the daily expenditures of small sums when compounded with interest, and finally summed up at the termination of a long life, as exhibited in the following abstract:—

Table showing the aggregate value, with compound interest.

Or an expenditure	Amounting in 10 years.	in 20 years.	in 30 years.	in 40 years.	in 50 years.
of $10 a yr.	$130	$360	$700	$1,540	$2,900
20	260	720	[illegible]	3,080	5,803
30	393	1,030	[illegible]	4,600	8,701
40	520	1,440	3,000	6,100	11,600
50	650	1,860	3,900	7,700	14,500
100	1,300	3,600	7,800	15,400	29,000
200	2,600	7,200	15,600	30,800	58,000
300	3,900	10,800	23,700	46,200	87,000
400	5,200	14,400	31,000	61,600	116,000
500	6,500	18,000	[illegible]	77,000	145,000

By reference to the preceding Table, it appears that if a laboring man, a mechanic, unnecessarily expends only 2¾ cents per day, ($10 a year,) from the time he becomes of age to the time he attains the age of three score and ten years, the aggregate, with interest, amounts to $2,900; and a daily expenditure of 27½ cents, ($100 a year) amounts to the important sum of $29,000. A six cent piece saved daily would prove a fund of nearly $7,000, sufficient to purchase a fine farm. There are few mechanics who cannot save daily by abstaining from the disgusting use of tobacco, from ardent spirits, from visiting theatres, &c., twice or thrice the above stated amount of a six cent piece. The man in trade who can lay by about one dollar per day, will find himself similarly possessed of one hundred and sixteen thousand dollars, and number among the 175 rich men, who own one half of the property of the city of Providence.

If we examine the particular case to which reference has been made, we shall find that this man now so rich, was once a poor young man, like thousands who now surround him in the population of this city, and his extraordinary wealth, greater perhaps than that of any other man of New England, is the result of long and rigid economy.

Few persons estimate the large sums to which the yearly savings in personal and household expenses will accumulate. Four thousand dollars a year is not an uncommon expenditure for merchants in this and other cities. Half a century ago, five hundred dollars would have been regarded as a sufficient expenditure. The difference between these two sums for fifty years, with the accumulation of compound interest, reaches the enormous amount of over one million of dollars. Extend the time eleven years, and this sum, great as it is, becomes doubled.

The preceding calculations are sufficient to encourage hope of eventful success and independence in the bosom of every young man who, on commencing business, will maintain a determined resolution to combine industry with economy, and also to warn him, that without economy the opposite result of bankruptcy is frightfully certain.

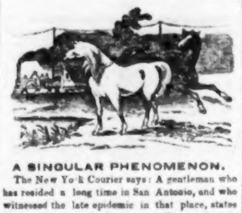
A DROLL COURTSHIP.

The great surgeon, John Abernethy, is stated thus business-like to have wooed and won his wife:

"The reported fashion of his courtship and marriage is extremely characteristic. It is said that while attending a lady for several weeks, he observed those admirable qualifications in her daughter which he truly esteemed to be calculated greatly to make her marriage state happy. Accordingly, on Saturday, when taking leave of his patient, he addressed her to the following purport: 'You are now so well, that I need not see you after Monday next, when I shall come and pay my farewell visit. But in the meantime I wish you and your daughter seriously to consider the proposal I am about to make. It is abrupt and unceremonious, I am aware; but the excessive occupation of my time, by my professional duties, afford me no leisure to accomplish what I desire by the more ordinary course of attention and solicitation. My annual receipts amount to £10,000, and I can settle £5,000 on my wife; my character is generally known to the public, so you may readily ascertain what it is. I have seen in your daughter a tender and affectionate child, an assiduous and careful nurse, a gentle and lady like member of your family; such a person must be all that a good husband could covet, and I offer my hand and fortune to her acceptance. On Monday when I call I shall expect your determination, for I really have not time for the routine of courtship.' In this way, however, the lady was wooed and won, and the union proved a happy one in every respect."

☞ What ten do prisoners most wish for? Liber-TY.

General News.



A SINGULAR PHENOMENON.

The New York Courier says: A gentleman who has resided a long time in San Antonio, and who witnessed the late epidemic in that place, states that the water of the San Antonio River, which is celebrated for its purity, and could at any other time be used after standing for several days was unfit for use during the prevalence of the cholera, when kept a few hours. In less than half a day a vessel filled with water from the stream emitted an offensive smell, similar to bilge water. The rain water, too, that collected in pools in the street would be covered with a green scum the day after it fell. In addition to this singular phenomenon, the same gentleman states that the air was filled with a light substance similar to the down of a thistle, which could easily be discerned with the naked eye by looking towards the sun. The particles, when examined, disclosed minute green specks, covered, like the seeds of some plants, with a substance that gave them buoyancy. These facts, however strange they may appear, are from reliable authority; and however effectually the animalculæ doctrine may have exploded, there is, in this instance, a seeming connexion between the cholera and the phenomenon alluded to, which merits investigation.

Railroad to the Pacific.—A meeting of the citizens of St. Louis was held in that city on the 4th inst., to take into consideration the steps proper to promote the early construction of a railroad and line of telegraph from St. Louis to San Francisco. A committee appointed for the purpose, reported a preamble and series of resolutions, asserting the great national importance of the proposed works, and calling a great National Railroad Convention, to be held at St. Louis on the first Monday in October next, to which the people of all parts of the United States are invited to send delegates, to whom the hospitalities of the city are proffered. A similar meeting, which was to be held at Memphis, Tenn., on the 4th of July next, has, in consequence of the prevalence of the Cholera in the Southwest, been postponed.

Chemical Analysis of Tea.—In the Memoirs of the London Chemical Society there is an interesting paper of Warrington, on the analysis of tea, in which he states that he has not only removed the whole of the coloring matter, or glazing, from green tea, but he has been able to analyze the matter removed, and prove it, by chemical evidence, to consist of Prussian blue and gypsum principally. So that in fact the drinkers of many qualities of green tea, as it comes to the English market, indulge in a beverage of Chinese paint, and might imitate the mixture of dissolving Prussian blue and plaster of Paris in hot water. The Chinese do not *drink* this painted tea; they only *sell* it.

"Stewed Monkey."—We judge from the following extract of a letter from a Californian in Gorgona, that some of the "universal Yankees" are feeding in "tall clover." He says:

"We killed two boa constrictors, nine feet long, one day, both of which were found by one of our party, coiled up in an old house above the town. I went out another day, with one of our party, and we killed a monkey, had him dressed for dinner, and ate him; he was very nice—as good as a squirrel."

Men who can dine off a roasted monkey, will not likely be alarmed at "the elephant," or even the whole "caravan."—*N. H. Register.*

The Washington Monument.—The Managers of the National Monument to the Father of his Country have received letters from South Carolina, Virginia and Georgia, proposing to furnish, from each of these States, in compliance with the published request of the Managers, a block of marble or granite, bearing the name of the State, to be placed in the monument. The propositions are, for South Carolina, from the marble quarry of Thomas Curtis, D. D., at Limestone Springs; for Virginia, a block of granite from the summit of the Peaks of Otter; and for Georgia, from the marble quarries of Gilmer county. Where shall the Pennsylvania block come from?

Negro Representatives at the Court of St. James.—The London Times of May 21st, devotes three columns to the names of parties who attended the Queen's Drawing Room, on her Majesty's birth day. In the list of diplomatic personages present, is the name of M. D. Delva, (Senateur) Haytien Minister. In another place it is announced that the Haytien Minister presented N. E. Sequy Killevaleix, Secretary of the Haytien Legation. In honor of the same occasion, Lord Palmerston entertained the corps diplomatique.—Among the guests at the banquet we notice the names of the United States and Haytien Ministers.

The Moustache.—The moustache, though of foreign origin, became naturalized among us during the Mexican war, and since then almost every one who trod the territory of the Montezumas, if it were only in the capacity of a mule driver, delights to sport his bushy moustache. Even militia captains and corporals, who never crossed the Gulf, prodigiously affect this facial *ornament.*—Now, in war time, this was all very well, but as Tom Reynolds, the member for Dublin, said, on a recent occasion, in the British House of Commons, "when they have given up the military trade, they ought to take down their sign-board."

Richest Man in America.—The New York Journal of Commerce says Mr. Larkin, U. S. Government agent at Monterey, is now the wealthiest man in California. Valuing his real estate at San Francisco at what it was worth there at the last advices, he would be doubtless the richest man in North America. Mr. Larkin is the gentleman who wrote home the first glowing account from California, that set so many persons gold mad. He seems to have profited by the fever, and has reaped a fortune out of California, if not out of the mines.

A Remarkable Caving in.—The Portland Advertiser gives an account of a singular phenomenon, which took place a few days ago, near Stroudwater, in Maine, by which about twenty-five acres of pasture and woodland sunk about twenty five feet, sliding in its descent into the bed of the river and changing its course. The land appears broken on the surface, as if with a plough. Some of the trees are torn up, others stand erect as before.—The cause of it is matter of conjecture.

Cholera Diet.—The New York Sun relates the following case: A young man in the upper part of the city was taken with a severe diarrhœa, from which, however, he recovered. Being prevailed on to eat sparingly, and of light food for a day or two after his recovery, he began with a breakfast of two quarts of sour, curdled milk, well sugared, and a sixpence worth of stale corky radishes. It is unnecessary to say he was a corpse within twelve hours.

Americans at Rio.—Two Americans, for some indignities to the chief functionary of Rio, were recently sentenced to be hung, but our Consul interfering in their behalf, their sentence was commuted, and they were sent to the mines for ten years. The Americans were members of a party on their way to California, but their names are not mentioned. A letter to the Albany Argus gives the information.

The Hungarian Artillery.—The London Spectator says that the Hungarian artillery is served principally by young men of good family and station, advocates, engineers, employees, all without exception men of scientific and literary training. But the pride and boast of the Hungarian army are the thirteen Hussar regiments, (each at least 800 strong,) five of which have been newly organized.

New Razor.—The London Patent Journal contains an engraving of a Guarded Razor, warranted not to cut the skin in the process of shaving. Mr. Wakely, in the London Lancet, calls it a splendid invention, and affirms that it can be used by the operator with perfect security in almost any situation. It can be used in bed, on a railway, or even in a carriage on the common road.

Important Decision.—In the United States Court in New Orleans, it has been decided that money in bank deposited by an auctioneer, though in his private name, cannot be attached for his own debts. The auctioneer being a public officer, the money of his constituents cannot be made liable for any of his private engagements.

Bishop Freeman and Gen. Belknap.—The Van Buren (Ark.) Intelligencer says that Bishop Freeman, Missionary Bishop of the Episcopal Church, has preferred charges against Gen. Belknap, the commanding officer at Fort Gibson, for irreligious conduct, *in not permitting the Chaplain at that post to preach longer than an hour.*

Lime.—We would caution persons against the use of slacked lime as a disinfecting agent. It has no more virtue than so much sand. Unslacked lime, according to the testimony of all who have tried it, possesses great virtue. Where the former has been used, it should be immediately substituted by the latter.—*Alex. Gazette.*

An Eagle Shot by a Woman.—Mrs. Bagley, of Milo, Me., shot a large grey eagle last week, which was pouncing down upon her child, at play in the yard. The little fellow assailed the eagle with his hoe, and Mrs. Bagley got the gun and brought the bird down.

Hanging in Sport.—At Vienna recently, a troop of boys was playing soldiers, when one of the Imperialists deserted to the enemy. The sentence of death was passed upon the offender, and the culprit was *hanged* by the juvenile royalists, who, seeing the contortions of their playmate, and alarmed at what they had done, ran away. Some say it was a premeditated act of vengeance, but this is not certain. At any rate, the story is shocking enough, and shows the effect produced upon the rising generation by late events.

Poisoned by Root Beer.—A number of persons at Blairsville, in this State, have been poisoned by drinking beer in which wild parsnips were put, instead of the roots of sweet myrrh and sarsaparilla. Two persons died from its effects, and sixteen or eighteen others are lying ill.

General Cass.—The Nashville Banner assures its readers, upon the most "unquestionable authority," that Gen. Cass will resign his seat in the Senate rather than obey the instructions imposed on him by the Legislature of Michigan.

Varieties.

ARABIAN CATTLE.

Lieut. Lynch brought with him, from Syria, a male and female of the beautiful Khaisi breed of cattle, which he presented to the State of Virginia. The Legislature of that Commonwealth, in turn, presented them to the Governor, to dispose of at his discretion, to that farmer within the State whom he should judge as most likely to secure the propagation of the breed. Governor Floyd, accordingly, gave them to Col. James Castleman, of Clarke county. The cattle were recently exhibited at Washington, D. C., and a spectator thus describes them in the N. Y. Herald:

"The Khaisis are, respectively, eighteen and sixteen months old, and weigh, the bull 950 pounds, and the heifer 650. The bull is four feet ten inches high, and ten feet four inches in length, from the nose to the end of the tail—the heifer of a proportionate size. They are the most beautiful animals of the cattle kind we have ever seen. Their limbs are as delicate as those of a gazelle, yet strong and well set as those of a race horse. Their heads have something of the elegance of outline of a deer, their nostrils are as thin and flexible; their feet are broad and flat, yet delicate; their tails thick and flat at the insertion, taper down to the thinness almost of a whip lash, ending in a long tuft of silky hair. They are of a deep, shining bay color, and their horns, which are just sprouting, are black as those of a buffalo. When full grown, they are said to stand seven feet high, and the cows are said to yield three half bush is of milk a day."

The stock of the valley of Virginia, it is believed, will be much improved by the introduction of this new breed. Col. Castleman values the pair at $10,000.

THE POPE'S CARRIAGE.

The Pope's state carriage, says a late letter from Rome, a most gorgeous vehicle, commenced by Leo XII., finished by Gregory XVI., and retouched during the reign of Pius IX., at an expense of 24,000 scudi (£5,001) was yesterday conveyed in great pomp from the Vatican to the Franciscan Convent of Ara Celi, on the Capitoline Hill, where it was formally made over to the Monks, to serve exclusively for the revered image of the infant Jesus, when carried to visit the sick and dying in various parts of the city. This image, considered by its beneficial results to be one of the most miraculous that Rome possesses, has nevertheless been hitherto borne on its charitable missions in an exceedingly shabby coach, so that the soldiers of the *corps de garde* seldom recognized the equipage in time to present arms before it had gone by; but, yesterday afternoon the good citizens and their wives wept with delight on beholding the *santo bambino*, attended by the guardian Monks, installed in all the splendors of the papal carriage, and proceeding triumphantly down the Corso to visit the sick and wounded at the hospital of San Giacomo.

Clippings.

"Oh! while ye feel 'tis hard to toil
And sweat the long day through,
Remember it is harder still
To have no work to do!"

☞ The New York Express, in closing an article on the approach of cholera to that city, hits off the two great causes of the spread of the baneful disease, by a felicitous quotation from Macbeth:—

"Scour all the country round!
Hang those who talk of *fear*."

☞ Why is a dentist likely to be a melancholy man? Because he always looks *down in the mouth*.

☞ At the Troy Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the proposal to arbitrate on the property question, as in dispute between the North and South, was rejected by a vote of 79 to 66.

☞ The Railroad Journal says that in the United States, four mills only are engaged in making rails, of the sixteen established for that business in 1846-7.

☞ Whenever you go to drown yourself always take along your corks, for after you get in the water you may change your mind to take a bath.

☞ "Charles, do you really love my daughter?" "You know I do, Mrs Simpkins." "How much do you love her?" "I love her—I love her as hard—as hard as a horse can kick." Mrs. Simpkins was satisfied of the strength of his affection.

"Our sins, like to our shadows,
When our day's in its glory, scarce appear:
Towards our evening, how great and monstrous!"

☞ A sentimental youth, having seen a young lady at home, bending over something in the lap, and weeping bitterly, took the first opportunity of questioning her as to the cause of her sorrow, and was perfectly awe-struck on being informed that she was only peeling onions.

☞ Disobedient children, if preserved from the gallows, are reserved for the rack, to be tortured by their own posterity. One, complaining that never father had so undutiful a child as he had; "Yes," said his son, with less grace than truth, "my grandfather had."—*Fuller.*

☞ The Lexington Budget says that "Mother Eve married a gardener." It might have added that the said gardener, in consequence of his imprudent match, lost his situation.—*Louisville Journal.*

☞ The Monroe Democrat says: "It is stated as a reason why the farmers of Berks county are opposed to the erection of the new county of Madison, that they had already far enough to go to the Philadelphia Market, *without going through another county*."

☞ "What is that dog barking at?" asked a fop, whose boots were more polished than his ideas. "Why," replied a bystander, "because he sees another puppy in your boots."

☞ Capt. Edward Deas, of the Fourth U. S. Artillery, was drowned from the steamer Yazoo, near Rio Grande, about the 1st inst. He served in both lines of the Mexican war, and was taken a prisoner, and carried to Matamoras, while, Leander-like, swimming the Rio Grande to meet a Mexican Signorita.

☞ Amy is a pretty name for young ladies; but if they are large sized a young man should be careful and not make rash vows to one of them, as he would be liable to a charge of *Big-Amy* (bigamy.)

☞ Queen Victoria's kitchen is officered by two larderers, a chief cook, and three master cooks, with four apprentices; a store keeper, two green-office men, three kitchen maids, two steam engineers and a chief clerk, on a salary of $3,500 a year. The apprentices pay as high as $1,000 premium to be admitted into the chief cook's employment.

☞ The New York Marine Temperance Society now numbers over 23,600 members.

CATTLE MARKETS.

Philadelphia, June 18.—The offerings of Beef Cattle for the week were 1,600 head; of these 1,200 were driven to New York, and the remainder sold here. Prices from $7,50 to 8,50 per 100 lbs. a few prime Beeves sold for $9. Hogs—There were 600 head in the market, and all sold from $3,50 to 4 per 100 lbs. Cows—About 200 sold as follows—$25 to 35 for fresh, $15 to 25 for springers, $8 to 15 for dry.—Sheep and Lambs—The former from $2 to 4, the latter from $1 to 3.

New York, June 18.—The offerings of beef cattle for the week were about seventeen hundred head, of these twelve hundred were driven to New York, and the remainder sold here. Beeves are selling from $7 50 to $8 50 per 100 lbs. Hogs—there were about 700 in the market, and 500 sold. Prices from $4 25 to $5 per 100 lbs. Cows as follows—$25 to $40 for fresh, $15 to $25 for springers, and $8 to $15 for dry. Sheep and Lambs.—The former from $2 to $3, the latter from $1 to $3, according to quality.

NEW YORK MARKETS, JUNE 16.

The markets are lower for Western canal Flour, and the sales, with the exception of some fine to fill up, are confined to the wants of the trade and the East. Transactions reach 5,000 bbls. at $4,44a4,62 for the whole range of common to straight brands, and $5,00 a5,06 for pure Genesee. There is no round hoop here, fine Flour sold at $4,12a4,25. For Southern the market is steady, and the sales are mostly at $5,00. They reach 5 to 600 bbls at that figure. In Rye Flour the sales embrace 250 bbls at $2,94a3,00. There is a movement in Brandywine Meal, and about 1,500 bbls changed hands at $3,00. Sales 400 do Jersey at $2,94.

Ashes continue to come in slowly, and the market is firm at $5,62.

Cotton—The sales of Cotton are only for spinning, and do not exceed 600 bales at steady prices.

Grain—In Wheat, the sales to day are confined to Canadian, and they reach 6,000 bushels, in bond, on terms not transpired. Rye is rather better, with sales of 6 to 7,000 bushels at 58c afloat, and 59c delivered. The movement in Corn have been large to day, and the market firm; transactions add up in the neighborhood of 140,000 bushels, nearly all for shipping, at 61 a62c for Western mixed, 63c for Western and Southern yellow; 64a65c for round Northern do, and 62c for Southern white. Oats are 34a35c with sales. Barley continues dull and no sales transpired.

Provisions—There is a speculative movement in Pork, and the sales are 700 bbls at $10,37½a10,50 for mess, and $8,62½a8,75 for prime. In Beef there is also a movement, and the sales are 5 to 600 bbls at $11,50 a11,00 for extra Ohio and Chicago. Prime is scarce at $9,25. Lard is very quiet and firm at 6½a7¼, with sales of 900 bbls. In cut Meats, there were some small sales of Shoulders at 4½c, and Hams 5½a5¾ cts. Butter is in good demand at 10a15c for Western, and 15a17½c for Orange county.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. ISRAEL E. JAMES, No. 182 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia, is our general travelling agent for the Southern and South-Western States assisted by *James K. Whipple, William H. Weld, O. H. P. Stem, John B. Weld, John Collins, James Deering, Albert K. Wellington, R. S. James, Henry Platt,* and *E. A. Evans.*

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ALMANAC.

June, 1849.	Sun rises.	Sun sets.	High water.	Moon's phases.
23 Saturday,	4 35	7 25	[illegible]	
24 Sunday,	4 35	7 25	5 50	D. H. M.
25 Monday,	4 35	7 25	6 40	
26 Tuesday,	4 35	7 25	7 24	
27 Wednesday,	4 36	7 25	8 13	Full 5 5 27
28 Thursday,	4 36	7 24	8 55	Last 13 5 23
29 Friday,	4 36	7 24	9 43	New 19 9 17
30 Saturday,	4 36	7 24	10 25	First 25 5 40

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
June 10,	59	65	68
11,	61	71	72
12,	61	71	74
13,	60	72	77
14,	68	71	75
15,	71	81	87
16,	74	82	87

Marriages.

On the 14th inst. at the Merchants' House, North Third street, by the Rev. John Street, Mr. Edward Wilmot, to Miss Letitia Kellar, all of Yardleyville, Bucks county, Pa.

On the 14th inst. by the Rev. John Maclean, D. D. of Princeton, N. J., Charles B. Jardon, M. D. to Mary T. daughter of the late Com. Wm. Bainbridge, both of this city.

On the 11th inst. by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. Cornelius W. Locke, to Miss Sarah B. Reaves, both of this city.

On the 13th inst. at St. Luke's Church, by the Rev. M. A. De Wolfe Howe, Stewart P. Sewell, to Mary Jones, daughter of David Jones.

At Port Richmond, on the 12th inst. by the Rev. S. D. Alexander, Mr. Thomas P. Hall, of Wallingford, Ct., to Emma, daughter of Thomas Franly, Esq. of Port Richmond.

On the 13th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Fandall, of Moorestown, N. J., Mr. Thomas Fox, of New York city, to Miss Maria C. Warner, of Fellowship, N. Jersey.

On the 12th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Stevens, Henry A. Roland, of Lancaster county, to Jane W. Heyl, of this city.

On the same day, by the same, William M. Hiester, of Reading, to Julia F. Roland, of Lancaster county.

On the 17th inst. by the Rev. M. B. Hope, of Princeton, Wm. W. Fleming, of Philadelphia, to Maria L. daughter of the late Samuel Richards, also of Philadelphia.

On the 12th inst. by the Rev. Wm. L. Fennis, Wm. T. Taylor, M. D. to Miss Harriet H. Mattison, all of this city.

On the 23d ult. by the same, Alex. Newitt, of Philadelphia, to Keziah, daughter of the Rev. Wm. Shepherd, of Bridgeton, N. J.

On the 2d of April, by the Rev. Daniel Dodge, Mr. Isaiah Fraley, to Miss Jane Lukens, all of Philadelphia.

On the 11th inst. by the Rev. Joseph Mason, Pastor of St. Paul's M. E. Church, the Rev. J. D. Perkins, M. D. of Smyrna, Del., to Mrs. Eliza A. Hendrix, of Queen Ann's county, Md.

At Providence, R. I. on the 7th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Osgood, Dr. John H. Weir, of this city, to Julia, daughter of Joseph Sweet, Esq. of the former city.

Deaths.

On the 13th inst. John W. Murray, aged 39 years.

At Manayunk, on the 15th inst. Mrs. Mary Hummell.

On the 14th inst. Jacob Hess, aged 31 years.

On the 14th inst. Catharine, wife of John Deitz, aged 43 years.

On the 14th inst. Kate, daughter of Geo. and Anna Burnham, aged 5 years and 6 months.

At Woodbury, N. J. on the 14th inst. Mrs. Harriet Howell.

On the 14th inst. George Washington, son of Chas. and Jane Cornwell, aged 18 months.

On the 13th inst. Mrs. Elizabeth, wife of Alexander Robinson.

On the 14th inst. Mr. Thomas Banger, aged 41.

On the 13th inst. George Fetters, aged 4 years.

On the 15th inst. Wm. N. Day, aged 6 years.

On the 14th inst. Mrs. Catharine Bullard, aged 61.

On the 14th inst. Anne Gillespie, aged 38 years.

On the 14th inst. Daniel, son of Jos. and Elizabeth A. Buck, aged 4 years and 3 months.

On the 14th inst. Charles E. Hollingshead, aged 53 years.

On the 13th inst. Joseph K. Martin, aged 38.

On the 13th inst. Mrs. Magdalen Wilson, aged 74.

On the 15th inst. Hugh Donnelly, aged 33 years.

At Nether Providence, Del. county, on the 11th inst. Robert Bye, Sr. aged 66 years.

On the 2d inst. James E. Russell, aged 24.

On the 12th inst. Mr. John T. Emmett, aged 54.

On the 14th inst. Joseph Cooper.

On the 13th inst. James Givens, aged 53 years.

On the 12th inst. Mrs. Catharine Taylor, aged 35.

On the 11th inst. Mr. John Harvey.

In South Camden, on the 11th inst. Joseph E. Mattick, aged 2 years.

On the 14th inst. Charles Wesley, son of James and Mary Donnelly, aged 4 years.

On the 11th inst. Wm. Dryden, son of Serville and Mary A. Chidsne, aged 21 months.

On the 12th inst. Eliza, daughter of Wesley and Margaret Sloan, aged 18 months.

On the 11th inst. Miss Susan E. Amies.

On the 6th instant, at Washington city, Mr. Dennis O'Driscoll, aged 65 years, a native of Ireland.

In Boston, on the 8th inst. Wm. R. Fisher, of Philadelphia, aged 31 years.

On the 11th inst. William, son of John and Rosanna Duffy, deceased, aged 2 years and 4 months.

On the 11th inst. Samuel Hance, aged 38 years.

Bank Note List.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post,
BY R. JOHNSTON & Co., BROKERS,
No. 20 South Third Street.
Philadelphia, June 23, 1849.

PENNSYLVANIA	
Philadelphia banks	par
U. S. bank notes	11 dis
Girard do	par
Tradesmen's bk	par
Chambersburg	½ dis
York	½ dis
Bucks county	no sale
Gettysburg	½ dis
Carlisle	½ dis
Lewistown	no sale
Brownsville	½ dis
Pittsburg	½ dis
Waynesburg	1½ dis
Washington	1½ dis
Erie	8 dis
Susquehanna co'nty	1½ dis
Lebanon	par
Lehigh county bk	no sale
Towanda	no sale
Honesdale	1 dis
Harrisburg	½ dis
West Branch	1½ dis
Wyoming	par
Middletown	½ dis
Northampton	no sale
Schuylkill Haven	par
Pottsville	par
Relief notes	1½ dis
NEW JERSEY	
Trenton, Mt Holly, Bridgeton, Salem, Camden, Medford	par
Plainfield	closed
Newark, Newtown, Paterson, Morristown, New Brunswick, Middletown Point, Orange, Belvidere, Elizabethtown, Dover, Rawway, Perth Amboy	½ dis
N Hope, Del Bridge	90 dis
Yard. Del Bridge co	40 dis
DELAWARE	
All solvent banks	par
MARYLAND	
Baltimore banks	½ dis
Mineral bank	1 dis
Salisbury	uncertain
Frederick county	½ dis
Cumberland	1 dis
Washington county	½ dis
Hagerstown	½ dis
Havre de Grace	1 dis
Far and Mil of Elk	no sale
DIST. OF COLUMBIA	
All solvent banks	½ dis
NEW YORK	
City banks	½ dis
Canal bk, Albany,	15 dis
Tonawanda	40 dis
Oswego	20 dis
Millers', Clyde	15 dis
James bank	½ dis
Atlas bank	6a30 dis
State bk—Saugerties	1 dis
Northern Ex bk	½ dis
Country banks	½ dis
MAINE	
All solvent banks	½ dis

NEW HAMPSHIRE	
All solvent banks	½ dis
VERMONT	
Bank of St Albans	2 dis
All solvent banks	½ dis
CONNECTICUT	
All solvent banks	½ dis
MASSACHUSETTS	
All solvent banks	½ dis
RHODE ISLAND	
All solvent banks	½ dis
CANADA	
Montreal	4 dis
VIRGINIA	
Bk of Va and branchs	1 dis
Far Bk & branch	1 dis
Valley Bk & branch	1 dis
Ex Bk & branches	1 dis
Wheeling	1 dis
NORTH CAROLINA	
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	2 dis
SOUTH CAROLINA	
Sc. Wes. R. R.	1½ dis
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	1½ dis
GEORGIA	
Bk of St Mary's	1½ dis
Central Bk of Mill.	2 dis
Georgia R R Co	2 dis
Ruckersville Bkg Co	——
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	2 dis
ALABAMA	
Bk of Mobile	1½ dis
Country banks	4 dis
MISSISSIPPI	
All banks	unc
LOUISIANA	
All solvent bks	1½ dis
FLORIDA	
So Life & Trust Co	——
OHIO	
Bk of Wooster	80 dis
Com. Bk of Scioto	15 dis
All solvent bks	1½ dis
Small notes	2 dis
KENTUCKY	
All solvent bks	1½ dis
Small notes	2 dis
INDIANA	
State bank	1½ dis
Small notes	2 dis
ILLINOIS	
Bank of Illinois	80 dis
State bank	70 dis
Bank of Cairo	——
MISSOURI	
All solvent bks	1½ dis
TENNESSEE	
All solvent bks	3½ dis
MICHIGAN	
Bk of St Clair	no sale
Farmers' & Mech's	4 dis
ARKANSAS	
All banks	no sale
WISCONSIN	
Mineral Point	——
Bank of Milwaukie	——
IOWA	
Miners Bank	——

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June 9 received from			
Mrs. M. Meriweather	2 00	Rev. J. Ashbrook	2 00
W. B. Zeiber	3 50	G. Bond	2 00
J. Zikner	2 00	J. Linton	2 00
Mrs. T. S. O. Cobb	2 00	J. Church	1 25
L. Womble	2 00	A. E. Kimball	1 25
Dr. T. P. Patton	2 00	Rev. J. M. Heren	1 25
Mrs. E. Wilson	2 00	P. Wolfersberger	1 00
S. B. Moore	10 00	D. Martin	4 51
M. M. Andrus	5 00	E. D. Gamm	1 55
T. L. Yancey	5 00	Miss L. Pratt	2 00
Miss E. Rambo	1 00	Mrs. E. Stein	2 00
E. D. Ransom	5 00	J. C. Reed & Co.	15 00
June 11.			
T. Walker	2 00	S. B. Clarke	3 00
E. McIver	10 00	H. C. Simon	2 00
Mrs. E. Pearce	2 40	M. C. Strickler	5 00
A. N. Myrick	2 00	T. Ball	5 00
J. Allen	1 00	J. A. Spruill	3 00
C. T. Nichols	5 00	L. Zimmer	10 00
J. J. Bailey	11 12	P. C. Lotrell	5 00
B. Bradley	20 00	Mrs. N. Sole	1 25
H. L. Moring	2 00	Mrs. M. McCan	1 25
J. Brown	2 00	Mrs. E. H. Moore	1 25
W. M. Simmons	10 00	R. Strode	2 00
A. J. Wyckoop	20 00	W. S. Baird	2 00
H. Tripp	1 00	Mrs. M. N. Bell	2 00
C. Klein	2 00	Miss C. T. Keler	2 00
A. W. Lake	2 00	H. J. & B. Lister	5 00
June 12.			
C. McCallister	2 00	A. Carter	2 00
M. N. Powell	10 00	J. Freer	5 00
J. Geiger	5 00	M. W. C. Gardiner	2 31
W. Gee	20 00	Mrs. A. D. Melton	2 00
G. W. Redman	2 00	Miss E. McGann	2 00
A. Anderson	2 00	Miss S. C. Alger	2 00
H. B. Roney	5 00	J. H. Winner & Co.	15 00
T. R. Hope	5 00	C. & J. Grubb	10 00
J. E. Hughes	2 00		
June 13.			
W. S. Edmands	2 00	J. Richardson	1 00
W. Crowley	2 00	W. Raleabugh	5 00
H. Barnes	5 00	H. Booth	5 00
J. A. Bain	5 00	A. Hech	5 00
P. D. Imrey	1 00	J. Hoch	2 00
A. H. Scott	5 00	R. Headman	1 00
M. E. Averitt	1 00	E. W. Moore	1 25
J. B. Decknor	1 00	H. F. Fouche	1 25
Mrs. D. Wray	1 07	Mrs. R. D. Combs	2 00
N. O. Greene	2 00	Miss M. E. Leaming	2 10
W. A. Swanton	2 00	T. & W. Ristor	10 00
H. Hathaway	2 00	S. H. Kirker & Co.	15 00
C. C. Horton	4 00		
June 14.			
J. Conklin	2 00	Mrs. Boulton	2 00
M. L. Hurst	2 00	J. G. Moore	6 00
W. H. Ruff	2 00	W. B. Cambers	2 00
P. D. Cover	2 00	E. G. A. Booker	2 40
W. H. Brown	1 00	D. Thomas	2 00
J. B. King	4 00	J. Bartee	1 00
R. Ridley	2 00	S. E. Smith	2 00
W. Adams	22 00	A. R. Harner	2 00
B. B. Abell	10 00	J. W. Harman	1 00
W. H. Small	5 00	J. C. Leming	1 00
W. J. Clark	1 00	R. D. Mobile	1 00
G. B. Lago	4 00	W. S. Hundley	1 00
C. Keys	2 00	C. B. Couch	1 00
D. Ross	5 00	Miss B. C. Fulver	2 00
J. Blanchard	2 00	K. & H. Felton	10 00
W. Neill	2 00	T. J. Warner & Co.	15 00
H. P. Shaw	2 00		
June 15.			
E. Tutwiler	3 00	J. H. Hookey	2 00
D. Kink	10 00	Mrs. E. D. Cressler	2 00
Dr. J. Banks	2 00	Miss S. C. Danton	2 00
H. Miller	5 00	Mrs. W. S. M. Math	2 00
O. Force	2 00	W. & J. Henderson	10 00
W. L. Wood	4 00	C. S. Barron & Co.	15 00
E. A. Horton	1 25	W. T. Jester, Jr.	2 00
J. Royer	2 00	N. C. & D. Allen	5 00
Miss M. A. Irvine	2 00		

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This is to certify that I have a colored woman who has been afflicted for the last five years with scrofula, and all the remedies I used had no effect in arresting the progress of the complaint; on the contrary, she constantly grew worse, and after expending between $75 and $80 with physicians, besides using other popular remedies without success, till the disease had eaten away the cartilage of her nose, made its appearance on various parts of her body, and had finally commenced its ravages on the roof of her mouth.

In this dreadful situation, with the prospect of death staring her in the face, I stated her case to Dr. Dunaway, the agent for Sands' Sarsaparilla in Newbern, N. C., by whom I was advised to use that article; and to my surprise and that of my neighbors, to whom her case was known, after using four and a half bottles she was restored to perfect health, and that in the space of three weeks, and was able to work in two weeks from the time she commenced taking it.

In witness of the truth of this statement, I have hereunto affixed my name, this 19th day of Sept., 1847.
JOSEPH McCOTTER, J. P.
Mouth of Neuse River, Craven Co., N. C.

SORE THROAT.

The following is an extract from a letter received from Mrs. Bevan, who had been afflicted several years with Scrofulous Ulcers, Dyspepsia, &c., and recently by an affection of the throat and chest.—
Bailysburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1845.

Messrs. A. B. & D. Sands: Before I commenced using your Sarsaparilla, my sufferings were almost past expression; my throat was completely ulcerated, I had a dreadful cough, and there were frequently weeks together that I could not speak above a whisper; and besides, the inflammation from my throat extended to my head so that my hearing was very much impaired. After taking the Sarsaparilla a short time, my health improved, and my throat is now well; I am as free from cough and tightness of the chest as ever I was, and can hear quite distinctly. My throat has been well about three months, the cure of which has been effected entirely by the use of your Sarsaparilla. Your friend, LOUISA K. BEVAN.

The following testimonial to the value of the Sarsaparilla, is from the Rev. Luther Wright, aged 76 years, Congregational Minister, residing at Woburn.
Woburn, Mass., March 30th, 1846.

Messrs. Sands: Gentlemen—From what I have experienced, and from the information I have recently received from a number of persons of high respectability who have used your Sarsaparilla, I have not the least doubt but that it is a most valuable medicine, and that the numerous certificates you have received of its efficacy are fully sustained by experience; and although its reputation and utility are very extensive, and stand in no need of my humble efforts to increase them, I want all who are afflicted by disease to become acquainted with the efficacy and power of your valuable medicine.

I am gentlemen, gratefully and very respectfully your, LUTHER WRIGHT.

Prepared and sold, wholesale and retail, by A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists and Chemists, 100 Fulton street, corner of William, New York. Sold also by Druggists generally throughout the United States and Canadas. Price $1 per Bottle; six Bottles for $5.

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DOUBLE NUMBER.—JULY, 1849.

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We never publish selected articles. We leave that to those who cannot afford to pay for original contributions.

During the New Volume, in addition to articles from the distinguished American authors who have already graced the pages of this Magazine, we have contributions from a host of new ones, besides which we have already on hand articles from the following eminent European writers, viz:

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WM HOWITT, MARY BARTON,
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and others will be introduced to our readers before the close of the Volume. This feature is a new one in Magazine publishing, and has not yet been attempted by any other Magazine.

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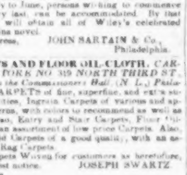

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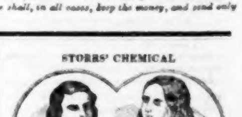

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The Magazine will be continued on, either to the subscribers themselves or to the agent through whom we may receive the orders for quantities, and to whom the package or packages may be directed, or to both, if there should be both in the same town, as the case may be.
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Selected Poetry.

FROM GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

THE TULIP-TREE.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

Bounds my blood with long-forgotten fleetness
  To the chime of boyhood's blithest tune,
While I drink a life of brimming sweetness
  From the glory of the breezy June.
Far above, the fields of ether brighten;
  Forest leaves are twinkling in their glee;
And the daisy's snows around me whiten,
  Drifted down the sloping lea!

On the hills he standeth like a tower,
  Shining in the morn—the Tulip-Tree!
On his rounded turrets beats the shower,
  While his emerald flags are flapping free:
But when Summer in the fields is standing,
  And his blood is stirred with light, like wine,
O'er his branches, all at once expanding,
  How the starry blossoms shine!

Through the glossy leaves they burn, unfolded,
  Like the breast of some sweet oriole—
Filled with fragrance, as a joy new moulded
  Into being by a poet's soul!
Violet hills, against the sunrise lying,
  See them kindle when the stars grow dim,
And the breeze that drinks their odorous sighing
  Woos the lark's rejoicing hymn.

Then all day, in every opening chalice
  Drains their honey-drops the revelling bee,
Till the dove-winged sleep makes thee her palace,
  Filled with song-like murmurs, Tulip-Tree!
In thine arms repose the dreams enchanted
  Which in childhood's heart were nestled long,
And, beneath thee, still my brain is haunted
  With their tones of vanished song.

Oh, while Earth's full heart is throbbing over
  With its wealth of light and life and joy,
Who can dream the seasons that shall cover
  With their frosts the visions of the boy?
Who can paint the years that downward darken,
  While the splendid morning bids aspire,
Or the turf upon his coffin hearken,
  When his pulses leap with fire!

Wind of June, that sweep'st the rolling meadow,
  Thou shalt wail in branches rough and bare,
While the tree, o'erhung with storm and shadow,
  Writhes and creaks amid the gusty air.
All his leaves, like shields of fairies scattered,
  Then shall drop before the Northwind's spears,
And his limbs, by hail and tempest battered,
  Feel the weight of wintry years.

Yet, why cloud the rapture and the glory
  Of the Beautiful that still remains?
Life, alas! will soon reverse the story,
  And its sunshine gild forsaken plains.
Let thy blossoms in the morning brighten,
  Happy heart, as doth the Tulip-Tree,
While the daisy's snows around us whiten,
  Drifted down the sloping lea!

For the Ladies.

FROM SARTAIN'S MAGAZINE.

THOUGHTS ON EDUCATION.

ADDRESSED TO YOUNG WOMEN WHO ARE "FINISHING."

BY MRS. C. M. KIRKLAND.

A friend told me, the other day, that he had been shocked to hear a girl of sixteen, say in company that she had finished her education. Not that he would have construed with severity the mere adoption of a conventional form of expression, but that he observed in the young lady's manner something which assured him that she accepted the phrase in full force, and meant by it all that the words seem to imply.

Female education seems with some to have only a technical meaning; to contemplate a certain amount of knowledge acquired at school, with an addition, more or less considerable, derived from private instructors. The first includes a little Geography, principally that which may be learned from maps; a little History—as much as is included in half a dozen compends used in the schools; a little Grammar, which requiring some abstraction is generally "hated" by the scholar with a tolerable knowledge of Reading, Writing, and common Arithmetic, and a very slight smattering of Natural Philosophy, Rhetoric, and perhaps Botany or Geology. If Mental and Moral Philosophy be on the list of studies, a young lady is in some danger of becoming masculine; if Algebra and Geometry, she must take care to keep it a secret.

The addition is partly in the shape of languages; first French, the language of the modistes; next Italian, rendered necessary by the use of fashionable songs. Then come Music, Dancing, and possibly a little Drawing, though not often more than will suffice to copy in crayons a landscape a foot long, which has to be retouched by the teacher before it is fit for the portfolio.

Now all these things are very well, as far as they go. Education should include them all. But does the young lady thus "accomplished" know how to read? Of course she knows the sounds of words; but can she read a scene in Shakespeare, or a chapter in the Bible, or even a paragraph from the newspaper, as it should be read, in order to give pleasure as well as instruction to the hearer? If she cannot—if she have not made this particular power the subject of earnest study and effort, let her be sure she has neglected an important part of her education. All music is good; but the "sweet music of speech"—that which at once arouses the mind and delights the ear—that which requires no instrument but the due use and command of the organs God has given us; which asks no particular endowment in the musician, no particular taste in the hearer—this is the music first in demand for the family circle; and if its acquirement be deferred to the piano forte or the harp, education is going backward instead of forward.

The geography which we acquire at school is indispensable, certainly, but is it sufficient? We learn the general appearance of countries on the map, the position of certain large islands, the names of many bays and straits. We even study the population and possibly the latitude and longitude of some of the principal cities, and recite them with tolerable precision in the class. And this is, perhaps, all that can be expected for the time. But do we acquire an interest in the study founded upon its real use? Have we done anything but accept it as one part of the school routine? Do we connect the knowledge thus acquired in any degree with the general business and enjoyment of life? If we do, we shall never see the name of a place for the first time without desiring to know exactly where it is to be found; we shall not read in the newspaper an account of the opening of a new branch of trade, the adventures of an exploring expedition, the colonizing of an island in the South Seas, or the search after a missing commander—without a desire immediately to seek out on the map the position of the points named, and in the gazetter all that is known about them. An atlas will be at least as necessary among our private store of books as a novel, and we shall not advance far in life without having formed for ourselves a sort of mental chart, in which will be laid down ready for immediate use, the general aspect of the face of the earth, with an accompanying commentary, showing the climate, productions, advantages and peculiarities of all important points; first and clearest and best, those of our own extensive country and its dependencies. When we read history, it will be with a map at hand; and we shall not content ourselves with the vague jumble which seemed to torment a lady of my acquaintance, who could never remember whether the Lexington at which the first revolutionary battle was fought was that in Massachusetts, or its namesake in Kentucky, and always wondered how it was that the troops could get to Boston so speedily! We laugh at the ludicrous mistakes made by foreigners—even the English—with regard to the different portions of our country; but mere vastness does not entitle us to attention. It is in truth as unpardonable in an American young woman who has "finished her education," not to know the exact position of York and Birmingham, Kenilworth and Canterbury, as for an English girl to suppose that we are fanned in Summer by the breezes of the Cordilleras, or that New York is within half a day of New Orleans. She who learns geography intelligently and for its uses and its pleasures, will turn it to account in all these matters. Far from regarding it as a mere school study, she will count it among the means of acquiring general intelligence, and of guarding against that sad barrenness of mind which is always at a loss for interesting topics of conversation unless in company with those equally unfurnished. As a preparation for travel, or for enjoying the travels of others, such a knowledge of geography as I have attempted to indicate, is invaluable. For this, the amount that we acquire at school, is to be considered merely the stepping-stone. The pleasure and advantage of continuing the study can be appreciated only by those who have been induced to believe that, on leaving the "finishing" school, this branch of knowledge deserved a place among those which may have uses in after life.

History is another study sometimes "finished" at school. I once knew a young man who, desirous of improving himself, read assiduously for an entire winter, the history of the Punic wars. He appeared in the spring to be much gratified on reviewing the amount of his labors, but said that somehow or other he never could tell exactly which side Hannibal was on! A young lady of no little intelligence in some directions, asked once in my hearing in what century our Revolutionary War took place, observing that she never could remember whether it was in this one, or the last, or the one before that. The first instance—that of the young man—is plainly referable to that mechanical and soulless way of reading which looks but at the words without any corresponding pictures being formed in the mind. People of this class read, as we sometimes do, when the thoughts are pre-occupied, or sleep imminent, so that we find ourselves going over the same page or paragraph again and again, in order to discover the sense which strangely seems to elude us. The young lady's inconsequence, not being the result of natural incapacity, must of course be traced to the indulgence of utter thoughtlessness, want of all rational interest in the object, or such a habit of learning by rote as takes the life out of any study, however important or attractive in itself. The youth of darkened mind to whom I have alluded, was too completely ignorant and uncultivated to reap any important good from a single ill-directed effort at improvement; the lively, intelligent girl, far less pardonable in her ignorance, is probably destined to a life either of empty frivolity, ending without dignity or self-respect, or one of dull routine, which will find her year by year the still submissive victim of ennui and indifference.

The study of history is far from deserving to be rated among things to be learned according to law and forgotten as speedily as possible. It is somewhat the custom of young people to disparage, secretly or openly, and study which does not seem to promise immediate use or immediate pleasure.—Indeed, too large a part of what they learn at school, is learned solely under the immediate stimulus of praise or blame, reward or punishment, without reference to the remote future at all. The effort of all judicious instructors is to lead the pupil's mind forward, beyond the task of the moment, to the general usefulness of knowledge, the exhaustless pleasure and advantage of cultivation. History is among the studies which are thoughtlessly supposed to have no particular applicability to the needs of female life. What King's and Queen's and Governments have done, seems not necessarily important to the furnishing of a young woman's mind. But why is any knowledge important? Why have books been written? Why may not each age, and each family, and each person, go through life as if nobody else had ever existed? Because, by this plan no accumulation of wisdom could ever have been made; no examples or warnings, beyond the little round of our personal experience or observation, could have been brought to bear upon our lives. History is "philosophy teaching by example," or what is more to our purpose, it offers experience without cost. Kings and Queens are but men and women, endowed with passions like our own, and acting on so conspicuous a stage, that the workings and effects of these passions are rendered more striking than in private life. Governments are subject to the laws of God and nature; and when they transgress these laws they suffer, as do individuals; and their sufferings are for the benefit of all who live, if they will take the trouble to observe and reason. Merely to know that a thing has been done, would be a trifle indeed, if it were possible for any intelligent and sentient being to know a fact without drawing any deductions from it. But it is not. Whether consciously or not, we reason and conclude upon everything that presents itself to our minds. When we read the life and the fate of Mary of Scotland, do we not in our own minds say "What a pity she did—this or that?"—When we study the history of Charles I. of England, can we fail to see what were the errors which made him a bad ruler and a bad man? If we study the character of Washington, are we so much taken up with following him through his career, that our hearts do not glow and feel a noble expansion as we contemplate his virtues? And not only with regard to the broad distinctions of virtue and vice—good and bad—does the study of history have its effect in the formation of our sentiments, but in those subtler and less palpable gradations between right and wrong, which can hardly from their multitude be taught by express precept, exemplification in the case of others is of incalculable value. The young may not perceive this influence, but it is irresistible. It's unsuspected power is that which makes bad novels so intensely bad for the young.—History, if it tells the truth, exposes the natural or providential results of certain courses of action or traits of character; a bad novel often reverses this order of things—makes evil tempers appear happy and successful, *which they never are*, and shows that the right may be unprofitable, irreligion charming and amiable, falsehood justifiable, and the whole course of human affairs so altered in the case of certain individuals, that cause and effect are no longer indissoluble—a fallacy which is destructive to wisdom and virtue in the youthful mind. The more we become acquainted with the truth of the past, the more shall we be impressed with God's overruling power, the less shall we hope any exception in His laws for our relief in case of disobedience. Human governments, as well as individuals, sometimes undertake to set aside these laws, on consideration of what they deem expediency, and for the present, or to the superficial observer, they may seem successful. But one may as well place himself on the railroad track, and expect God's mercy to turn aside the train before it shall cut him to pieces, as to transgress any of the immutable moral laws and dream of eluding their consequences. If our study of history have not taught us this, it has not been carried far enough. We have but discovered a mystery; further investigation will furnish us with its key.

But there is another advantage of the study of history which must not be overlooked. It furnishes rational and innocent subjects of thought and conversation, for which, if we make no provision, we must be content to take our places with those whose talk is as the "perpetual dropping," which makes their society intolerable to people of sense. I would put it to the candor of any reader, whether the conversation of the circle which she frequents is what it should be; whether there are not persons whose entrance causes a sensation of pleasure from our consciousness that what they say will have some value. I hate pedantry; I should flee the woman who prosed history to me, or anything else; I dread a common-place, droning moralizer as I do a musquito; but I do love—and so does everybody that I ever had an opportunity of observing,—a person that can say *something!* Many people talk immensely, yet never by any chance say anything that dwells in the mind of the hearer for a moment after the speaker is out of sight. Far from getting an idea from them, we cannot flatter ourselves that we have succeeded in imparting one. Now no one study can be depended upon for providing materials for agreeable conversation; it requires a general furnishing and enriching of the mind. We might grow silent by cultivating ourselves exclusively in one direction—for in that case we should but seldom find an interlocutor—but we should not grow agreeable. One who pursues anything intently will never be an empty chatterer; but a woman wants something beside such a negative qualification as this, to fit her for her place in society; which I am heretical enough to think, after all the wise things that have been said, is a distinct one. A woman who would fill the station for which God evidently designed her, must make being agreeable a part of her duty. We need no urging to *look* as pretty as we can; nature takes care of that. But nature contents herself with this lower prompting. She does not always suggest to us that higher attractiveness without which even beauty is shorn of its beams, and which often supplies the place of beauty. If any of my readers have ever seen a foolish old woman, they will not need anything further on this point. Foolish young women we see every day; their youth and good looks carry them along in a certain way and among a certain class, pretty well for the present—may even get them husbands, such as they are. But when we see the results of such marriages, let us ask ourselves seriously, where lay the difficulty? What drove the husband to dissipation—the wife to folly? May it not have been something which made home distasteful? Life is full of petty trials, trials so petty that they are not to be met directly, or with special efforts of principle, but provided against, in the mass, by such stores of mind as will give us something to think of besides the occurrences of the moment. Without this, every trifle of daily life becomes of consequence, every little vexation finds a bare nerve; a woman may become sour without knowing it, and think her lot peculiarly hard, merely because she is ill-provided with the requisite defences against a lot which she partakes with the whole sisterhood.

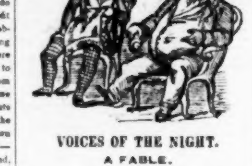
But will History help her? Yes! As the difficulties and trials which arise are multiform, so must be the modes and implements of defence. As emptiness of mind and barrenness of soul and frigidity of imagination are allies of the enemy, we must drive them out by the aid of information, taste, principle, sympathy,—all within our power if we are sensible enough of their value to pay the requisite price,—and history has a bearing upon them all. It is emphatically a *rich* study, and unlike some others, it pays as we go along, too.

Grammar is among the things likely to be learned by rote, if the scholar be not capable of philosophizing a little about it. It requires an effort of memory, too, for I hold that its rules should be learned with verbal accuracy, in order that they may be retained, and always at hand when a point is to be decided. This appears at first irksome to the scholar, at least to some scholars. When there is a logical or systematic power—not so common as we could wish among girls—grammar is exciting and delightful, and in such cases serves not only the main purpose of forming the taste and judgment for a faultless construction of language, but the farther one of advantageous mental exercise.

The opinion has been advanced, that if a child hears always correct language and reads well written books, the study of grammar as a science will be unnecessary, and the time usually appropriated to it may be used to better advantage. Allowing this opinion to be correct, though I could never assent to it, since my peculiar cases must arise in the course of our reading, and still more of our writing—it would be totally inapplicable in most cases, for very few young people are so situated as to hear none but correct language. The inaccuracies which give us most trouble are those which are learned unconsciously in early youth, and which a subsequent knowledge of grammar alone enables us to detect. Americans are peculiarly careless in their construction of language, and some among us even pride themselves on certain inaccuracies, maintaining that the correct form is pedantic. How many people who know better use *learn* for *teach*, *lay* for *lie* &c. Not long since I heard a person of considerable pretension say, "Me and you will go—them that's afraid may stay away;" and such errors as this, "Neither of them were there," are sadly common. Now these things may seem trifling, but they are sufficient to stamp one's conversation with vulgarity, and to incapacitate us for writing with ease and elegance. So I wish I could persuade all my young friends to have patience with grammar, and even if it is quite distasteful, give it due attention, trusting for the fruits until by-and-by.

This "by-and-by" is the object of all school-teaching, and the best result of the best school teaching is to *show us how to learn and inspire us with a love of improvement*. How different is this from the common notion of "finishing" the education at sixteen or eighteen! What we have learned before that age is but the stepping-stone to our education. The girl who puts by her books on leaving school, and feels that the time has come when they ought to be exchanged for visiting, dress, and perhaps some showy accomplishments, bids fair to become—I had almost said a goose. I would really much prefer the society of a good sensible country maiden, who has been too much occupied in helping her mother and learning common things to go to school except for a part of the winter, yet who is conscious of ignorance, and has a desire to improve, for improvement's sake, to that of a flippant, conceited little creature, like the one mentioned early in this paper; who knows no one thing well, yet is perfectly self-satisfied, and ready to turn over a new chapter in her destiny. How many sensible girls are spoiled by this silly mistake of supposing themselves "educated." I wish I could reach the private ear of every one of them, and be heard with patience while I should try to explain what education means. I have but commenced on the subject in this paper, and shall probably resume it at a future day.

Wit and Humor.



VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

A FABLE.

BY JACQUES JOURNOT.

Old Hodge one night at Carlo's bar!
  Had got, in classic parlance, "tight,"
When, as he homeward made his tracks,
  He heard the "Voices of the Night."

As with a quite uncertain step,
  Unto a mill-pond's brink he came,
Where old King Bull-frog held his court,
  He thought he heard one call his name—
"Old Hodge, old Hodge!" he stopped and gazed,
  Till goblins seemed to fill the dark,
And Hodge, tho' brave, was rather scared:
  "What's that?" he said, "what's that?—oh hark!"
        "Old Hodge got drunk!
        Old Hodge got drunk!
        Drunk, drunk, drunk!"

"You lie, by gosh," said Hodge, "you lie,"
  A deep voice answered, "Nevermore."
And Hodge thought Nick himself was near,
  Among the bushes on the shore;
So, thinking it was best to *run*,
  He started like a rail-road car,
But horrid shapes now thronged his path
  And voices shouted near and far,
        "Old Hodge got drunk!
        Old Hodge got drunk!
        Drunk, drunk, drunk!"
Hodge reached his house half dead with fright,
  And never since has he got—"t i g h t!"

—*Cassville Standard.*

A TRAVELLER'S STORY.

"The story I was about to tell isn't much of a yarn," said the officer called upon, a young South Carolinian, "its only recommendation consists in its being new and true, as we say in the Palmetto State. Such as it is you are welcome to it."

"Liftenant, take a little of the squeezed limes before ye begin."

"Thank you, Captain Hennesy—your health, sir. Well, gentlemen, about six months ago, I had occasion to make a journey to Pensacola, travelling on horseback across the State of Georgia. It is well known that there are large tracts in the territory of our Southern neighbor that have proved very ungrateful to the labors of the husbandman"—here Laurens looked at the Major with a peculiar expression. "These districts are, in consequence, but sparsely settled, and ill-provided with the necessaries of life.

"On the third day of my journey, I had ridden about twenty miles through one of these tracts—a dry, pine barren, without having caught the glimpse of a human habitation. I was faint with hunger and thirst: so was my horse, who would stretch out his neck and groan piteously at each new prospect of the hot sandy road that opened before us. The poor brute was ready to drop, when, on turning a corner, you may fancy my delight, at seeing a large and substantial log house, with a pine mast stuck up before the door, and a broad swinging sign, upon which was legible in bold characters, the word 'Hotel!'

"I rubbed my eyes, and then shaded them with my hand, to make sure it was not the mirage, which frequently makes its appearance upon these sandy plains. But no; it was a house, sure enough—and better still, a hotel.

"I straightened myself up in the saddle. My horse whinnied, and stepped out cheerily. 'Come,' said I, patting him on the neck, 'we're through it at last, old fellow; you'll soon be up to your ears in the best of Georgia corn, and I—' Here the anticipated enjoyment of ham and eggs, fried chicken, strong coffee, hot biscuit, or waffles, and perhaps a pickle or so, deprived me of the power of speech, and I rode up to the 'Hotel' in silence.

"As I rode nearer the house, it began to look weather-beaten and desolate like, and I was growing fearful it might be uninhabited; but no—there sat the landlord in the porch, and I take it, his two sons—'it's all right,' thought I, and I rode up and drew bridle, in front of the door.

"The three individuals whom I had observed in the porch—three sallow, dry looking chaps, in their shirt sleeves—did not move an inch. I am not certain that they even changed the direction of their eyes. A couple of gaunt, yellow dogs that lay on the stoop, remained equally motionless.

"'Come,' thought I, 'this is cool for people who keep a house of entertainment—they ought to know, from the direction I have come, that I intend to put up for the night—they might offer to take one's horse, I should think.' But no one stirred. I began to think that the house might not be a tavern, as I had at first supposed; and I again looked up at the sign. Enough—the word 'Hotel' was there in large letters.

"'Can I stop here for the night?' I inquired, at length. I waited for an answer, but none came. I repeated the question in a louder and more imperious tone.

"'You kin if yer like, strenger,' replied the oldest of the three, but without moving a muscle, except those of his mouth.

"'Have you got any corn?' inquired I, intending to make sure before alighting, as the house, on a nearer inspection, looked naked and empty.

"'Got any corn?' echoed the same speaker as before.

"'Yes,' said I, 'corn.'

"'No—we haint got any,' was the reply.

"'Well, have you got any fodder, then?'

"'Got any fodder?'

"'Yes—fodder!'

"'No—we haint got any.'

"'This is bad,' thought I—'my poor horse—I will have to turn him loose, and I might as well tie him up,' I continued to reflect, as on looking around I could not see a blade of grass within the circuit of a mile. 'I had best hitch him to the post—take a hurried snack, and ride on to the next house—but first let me see what they can give me.'

"All the time I was occupied with these reflections, the three men had remained silent and motionless, except when one or the other of them would raise his hand and bring it down with a smart slap over his cheek, or along his thigh, or behind his ear, as though one and all of them had been afflicted with the malady of St. Vitus.

"I was, at first, startled with these demonstrations, but upon a little reflection, I perceived that my saturnine friends were killing musquitoes.

"'Have you got any ham and eggs?' I asked, at length.

"'Got any ham and eggs?' echoed the original speaker, with an emphasis, that clearly betokened surprise.

"'Yes—ham and eggs,' repeated I.

"'No—we haint got any.'

"'A pity,' thought I—I was fond of ham and eggs; 'have you got any chickens, then?'

"'Chickens?'

"'Yes,' said I, 'chickens.'

"'No—we haint got any chickens, neery chicken.'

"'Well, have you got any meat?'

"'Got any meat?'

"'Yes—any sort of meat—beef, pork, mutton, or veal; I'm not particular—I'm hungry.'

"'No—we haint got any.'

"'Have you any bread, then?'

"'Any bread?'

"'Yes, bread—a piece of bread and a glass of water—that, to a hungry man, is a banquet.'

"'No—we haint got no bread.'

"'Well, my friend, have you got anything to eat of any kind?'

"'Anythin' to eat of any kind?'

"'Yes—anything—I'm as hungry as a wolf.'

"'No,—we haint got nothing to eat of neery kind.'

"'Well, old fellow, will you tell me how the d—l you do here, anyhow?'

"'Very well, thank ye, strenger, how do yer deu, yerself?'

"I gave a violent wrench at the bridle, which brought my horse round like a pivot, and digging the spurs into his sides, I headed him at the road. But the poor beast did not need any driving; for, whether he had been satisfied by his own inspection of the place, or whether he had understood the conversation, he broke into a desperate gallop, and did not stop until we had reached the top of a long hill. Here I had the curiosity to turn round in the saddle, and look back; and, to my astonishment, the three men were still seated just as I had left them; and I really believe that they are sitting there to this day!"—*Mayne Reid's new work, "War Life."*

A Bad Job.—Yesterday, a boss carpenter hired a wild-looking chap, from one of the mountain counties of North Carolina, to work at shingling a building then in progress of being finished. He had been at work but a short time, when the boss discovered that his new "jour" if he was a carpenter, was rather a rough one. The shingles were placed away, and the man himself was constantly hitting his thumbs with the hatchet. The boss determined to discharge him; and, being a good-feeling man, he was cogitating on the easiest method of doing so, when the fellow hit himself a terrible thump, mashing his left thumb almost to a jelly, and, jumping up, yelled out, "Confound your Yankee tomahawk! I won't work any more without you give me a rock I'm used to!"—*Cincinnati Nonpareil.*

Quite a Mistake.—A lady entered a dry goods store in our town the other day; after inquiring for a variety of articles, she requested the young clerk to show her some cambric of a hay color.

The clerk inquired with some surprise what she meant by that color.

"Why," replied the lady, "cambric the color of your drawers."

"You are mistaken, madam," said the clerk; "I don't wear any."

It was some time before the lady could make him understand that she alluded to some fixtures with knobs on them.

You Don't Lodge Here.—In Spain it is the ambition of grandees to unite in themselves as many grandeeships as possible by the marriage of heiresses, whose names and titles are assumed by their husbands; whence the old story of a benighted grandee, who knocked at a lonely inn, and when asked as usual, "Quien es?" "Who is there?" replied "Don Diego de Merdoza Silva Ribero Guzman Pimentel Osorio Ponce de Leon Gumaga, Acuna Tellez y Giron, Sandoval y Roxas, Velasco Man—" "In that case," interrupted the landlord, shutting his window, "go with God. There is not room for half of you."

Slow Promotion.—It was the custom of an old officer to make his children read a chapter in the Bible every Sunday afternoon. Upon mention being made of Nebuzaradan, captain of the guard, coming to Jerusalem, 2 Kings xxv. 8, he stopped the reader, and cried out in a tone of voice that showed how much he was interested in the matter, "Bless my soul! is that man still a captain? Why he was a captain when I was a little boy. Promotion in his regiment must have been very slow!"

Benevolent Wish.—Sir William Davenant, the poet, who had no nose, was going along the Mews one day; a beggar-woman followed him crying, "Ah! Heaven preserve your eye-sight, sir; the Lord preserve your eye-sight."

"Why, good woman," said he, "do you pray so much for my eye-sight?"

"Ah! dear sir," answered the woman, "if you should grow dim-sighted, you have no place to hang your spectacles on."

Very Popular.—"Was Mr. Brown a very popular man when he lived in your town?" inquired a busy body of his friend. "I should think he was," replied the gentleman; "as many persons endeavored to prevent his leaving; and several of them, *including the sheriff, his deputy, and several constables*, followed him for some distance."

Parish Pathos.—A melting sermon being preached in a country church, all fell a-weeping but one man, who being asked why he did not weep with the rest—"Oh!" said he, "I belong to another parish."

Selected Articles.

REPRODUCTION OF VEGETABLE FORMS.

CURIOUS FACTS.

That there is some mysterious essence about bodies, both animal and vegetable, by which their forms separate from their "natural bodies," are sometimes presented to the senses, by reflection or some other means, there seems to be much reason to believe. By the help of some chemical preparations the light of the sun transfers to a metallic plate the apparent form of any object with the greatest minuteness and perfection, and leaves it there permanently fixed. Vessels hundreds of miles at sea, in certain states of the atmosphere, have sometimes been seen floating in the air near the shore with perfect distinctness. The appearance of human forms about burying grounds, though in most cases perhaps having no existence except in the excited imaginations or superstitious fears of the beholders, may sometimes be a reality, the result of a natural cause, which may hereafter come to be regarded a natural process, as much as the growth of a plant from the seed.

My thoughts were turned to this subject at this time by some singular paragraphs in a late number of the "London Mechanics' Magazine," one of which is said to be an extract from a work of Oetinger, entitled, "Thoughts on the two faculties of Feeling and Knowing," which is as follows:—

"I chopped up some balm, put it into a large glass retort, poured rain-water upon it, connected the retort with a good sized receiver, and let it heat at a cuppel, gently at first, then more strongly. Upon this there went into the water a yellow greenish oil; it took up the whole space of the receiver, and swam on the surface of the water the thickness of the back of a table knife. *This oil had the form of innumerable balm leaves*, which did not lap over or run into one another, but lay side by side, each perfectly drawn and with the distinctness of all the lines of a balm leaf. I let it stand a long time, that all about me might observe it. At last I shook the receiver, because I had to pour it out; the leaves ran together, but in less than a minute *restored themselves to their former position* more distinctly."

The writer in the Magazine follows this quotation by saying:—

"Chemists show that the *palingenesis* (being born again) or the resurrection of plants is very possible. Able chemists in great numbers have made experiments by which, placing the ashes of a plant in a vial, these ashes exhale and arrange themselves as nearly as they can in the very figure which the Author of nature first impressed upon them.

"The Abbe Vallemont, in his treatise on the curiosities in nature and art, teaches the secret of making his *palingenesis*. He says that Father Scott, a Jesuit, assured him that when he was in Rome he had the satisfaction to see the rose made to arise from its ashes whenever it was desired, by simply employing a little heat. The same author also caught the art of using some mineral water which caused a plant, dead down to the roots, to become green as in life. From this *palingenesis* we come to the *palingenesis* of animals.

"Gaflerel, a very able chemist, states that M. Duchine, one of the best chemists of the age, reported that he had seen a very able physician in Cracow, who kept in vials ashes of almost all plants, so that when any curious person desired to see, for example, a rose in a phial, he took one containing the ashes of the rose well preserved, and warming it over a lighted candle, after becoming warm the ashes were seen to be in motion. A little cloud arose, and after some motion of the vial, soon assumed the form and color of the rose, so fresh, and so perfect and beautiful that one would believe he could smell its sweet odor."

A Singular Bush.—There is a bush abounding in South Africa, significantly named *Stop Awhile*. Its branches are full of thorns, exactly the shape of a fishing hook; so that if they catch hold of your clothes as you pass, you *must stop awhile*, sometime a long while, before you get clear of them.—In clearing one arm from it another is caught, and without the cautious assistance of a second person there is no escaping from its hold, but by main force, and losing part of your dress.—*Campbell.*

A NOBLE ACT.

Lieut. Beall, U. S. Navy, is already well known to the country, having particularly distinguished himself, on several different occasions, as a bearer of important despatches to and from California, both through the heart of Mexico, during the war, and across the prairies and Rocky Mountains, forcing his way, with equal spirit, through civilized and savage enemies. As a gallant naval officer and intrepid traveller, with the courage to face and the energy to overcome every difficulty and peril, we can well believe he has no superior; but we have recently heard an anecdote told of him, being an account of a circumstance which happened on the last journey to California, from which he has only so lately returned, which, while it illustrates the dangers of the road, proves that there is another quality in him higher than mere resolution and bravery—a humane and generous disposition, which gives to those virtues the character of heroism.

It was, we believe, in the Gila country, that Lieut. Beall, having encamped his party, and placed it in safety, went out hunting. He set out alone, on a favorite saddle mare, which was generally kept up or spared for such occasions. About six miles from the camp he had the good fortune to kill a deer; and he was on the ground dressing the carcass, when, on looking up, he suddenly beheld a troop of mounted Apaches, who had discovered him, and were dashing furiously toward him. They had, doubtless, heard the report or seen the smoke of his rifle, and so were on him before he was aware; but he knew very well that to be overtaken by them, a single white man among those naked hills which they called their own, was certain death; and, accordingly, leaving his quarry and mounting in hot haste, he relied upon the mettle of his mare, which he put to her full speed, to carry him back in safety to the camp. Away darted the young lieutenant, and on rushed the savages, thundering and yelling in the certain assurance of their prey. But confident as they were, the fugitive was quite as well satisfied of his ability to escape; although their horses were fresher than the mare, and it was pretty certain they were gaining slightly upon her, and would give her a severe contest before reaching the camp.

Thus assured of his safety, but not relaxing his speed, Lieut. B. had recovered half his distance from the camp, when, dashing over the crest of a hill, he was horrified at the sight of one of his own men, on foot, climbing the hill, and, in fact, following in his trail to assist him in the hunt. The sight of the lieutenant flying down the hill at such a furious rate was, doubtless, enough; perhaps the poor fellow could hear the whoops of the Indians ascending the hill from the opposite side; at all events, he understood his fate, and spreading his arms before the horse's head, he cried out, with the accents of despair, 'Oh, Mr. Beall, save me! I am a husband and the father of six helpless children!' Never was prayer more quickly heard, or more heroically answered.

The lieutenant, though riding for his own life, immediately stopped his mare, dismounted, and, giving her to the man, said, "You *shall* be saved. Ride back to the camp, and send them out to give my body decent burial!" And so they parted,—the footman to escape, the officer, as he supposed, to be slain; for the hill was utterly bare, without a single hiding place, and he thought of nothing but selling his life as dearly as possible. For this purpose, he drew his revolver, and, sitting down on the ground, waited for the savages; who, in a moment, came rushing over the brow of the hill, and then, to the unspeakable amazement of Lieut. Beall, dashed past him down the descent like madmen, not a soul of them paying the least regard to him; not a soul, in fact, seeing him. They saw, in reality, nothing but the horse and the horseman they had been pursuing for three miles; they know nothing of a footman; and perhaps the sitting figure of the lieutenant appeared, to eyes only bent on one attractive object, as a stone or huge cactus, such as abound on those sterile hills.

At all events, Lieut. Beall, by what seemed to himself almost a direct Providential interposition in his behalf, remained wholly undiscovered; and in a moment more the Apaches were out of sight, still pursuing the horse and his rider to the camp. The latter barely succeeded in escaping with his life, the Indians having overhauled him so closely just as he reached the camp, as to be able to inflict one or two slight wounds upon him with bullets, or perhaps with arrows. As for Lieut. Beall, he was not slow to take advantage of his good fortune; and selecting a round-about course, he succeeded in reaching the camp just about the time the poor fellow whom he had saved, and the other members of the party, were about sallying out to obey his last request, and give his body decent burial.

Upon such an act as this it were superfluous to comment. It is an act, however, which deserves to live in men's recollections like the story of a great battle and victory.—*North American.*

A CALIFORNIA FACT.

FROM THE HARTFORD DAILY TIMES.

Truth, it is sometimes said, is stranger than fiction. A fact connected with the California emigration—though not directly with its gold mining—has come to our knowledge, which, while it wears all the features of an invention of romance, is nevertheless strictly true in all its parts. It is the more interesting to our readers from the circumstance that the hero of the story went from this vicinity.

About a year ago, a young man in a neighboring town failed in his business, and after assigning his property, his assets fell short of his debts by about ninety thousand dollars. This was a pretty heavy load to carry; but he was not altogether discouraged, and said the time would come when he should be able to pay off his debts to the last cent. People, of course, were incredulous; but, strange to say, the probability now is that his promise will be fulfilled at a very early day.

He sailed for California to earn his living by labor, before any news had reached here of the wonderful gold discoveries of that region. He took out with him a small invoice of goods, and the machinery for one or two saw mills. This cargo was wrecked before he reached his destination; he lost all his goods and barely escaped his life. He sailed from the Sandwich Islands, where he had been carried after the shipwreck, and found himself at San Francisco with ten dollars only left of all his property. He immediately opened a negociation with an old settler for a fine tract of twenty-four square miles of the best timber land in that vicinity, with several saw mills upon it. He finally bought it for $60,000, on credit of one and two years. He was able to obtain this credit by producing the invoices of the goods he had shipped, though he withheld the fact of their being wrecked. At the same time he secured the settler by mortgaging back the property to him for security. Soon after the purchase, the gold fever began—emigrants poured in from all quarters, and houses and shanties could not be supplied as fast as they were wanted by the new comers.

The consequence was that lumber rose to an enormous price—several hundred per cent, in fact, beyond its ordinary value, and the saw mills of our penniless but enterprising adventurer soon began to coin gold for him much faster than the most favored of the gold diggers could had it. In three months' time he had cleared in solid cash $42,000 towards paying off his purchase of $60,000. With part of his earnings he bought the ship Huntress, and resold her a week afterwards at a clear profit of $15,000. With another portion of it he added to the number of his saw mills and flour mills—the latter paying nearly as round a profit as the former. Lumber still maintains its extravagant price—emigrants are flocking in thicker and faster than ever—every thing in the shape of a board or a shingle commands almost its weight in copper if not in gold—and our Yankee friend at the last advices, was confident that the profits of his business will largely increase for many months to come.

Nothing but some unforseen contingency can prevent him from speedily becoming the richest man in California. He anticipates, with pleasure, returning home at an early day, paying off his creditors, principal and interest, and having a princely fortune to spare. Altogether, it constitutes a very rare and remarkable case of energy and enterprise, combined with good fortune. The foregoing facts are fully confirmed by intelligent men who have been on the spot, as well as by letters from various and respectable sources. This man went out to work and carry on a regular business without thinking or knowing anything about gold digging; but of all the mines which have been thus far opened in California, it appears that he stumbled on, by far the most productive.

The Mohammedan Commandments.—There are six commandments in the Mohammedan religion, viz:—

I.—There is no Deity but God.

II.—There is no Prophet but Mohammed—he is God's Apostle.

III.—To fast during Ramadan every day.

IV.—To pray and practise ablution five times a day.

V.—To apply two-and-a-half per cent. of their property to the poor.

VI.—To make a pilgrimage to Mecca and Mount Ararat.

This religion is so general that it has nearly one-fifth of the population of the globe as its followers. Its most important duties are prayer, alms giving, fasting and pilgrimage. The hours of prayer are five, viz:—1st, at sunset; 2nd, when the evening has closed, and it is quite dark; 3rd, at day-break, on the first faint appearance of light in the East; 4th, at noon; 5th, about mid-time, between noon and nightfall.—*Mr. Thomas Kay, (Medical Times.)*

TRUE PICTURE OF THE DESERT.

I believe that the majority of English readers are not only without any idea of the variation that exists in the characteristics of different deserts, and the changes of appearance which each presents at different seasons of the year, but that their general impression of "a desert" is somewhat vague. The word usually conjures up a level plain of sand, extending as far as the eye can reach, with scarcely a blade of grass to relieve the dreariness of the scene. They then color up a flaming sky overhead, fill in a group of truculent looking Bedouins hovering near, imagine a short supply of water, and already feel their tongue cleave to the roof of their mouth. Such ideas came into my head sometimes, and formed an amusing contrast to my position as I rode merrily along on an allowance of two dozen oranges per day, listening to the jokes of the facetious driver Achmet, and trying diligently to learn an Arab song, which, by the way, was such an easy thing tune that I never got further than the well-known chorus "Ach! laly, laly, why, why." The face of the desert around is diversified with hill and dale, like any other part of the earth's surface, and it presents a continual variety as you travel along. Sometimes it is a tract of clean, bare sand, sometimes a plain covered with stunted shrubs, and sometimes the ground is white with snowy flowers. There is generally sufficient herbage to furnish the camel with his frugal meal; and, as for flowers, when I began to make a collection of them, for the name of the thing at first, I soon found that the task I had undertaken was anything but an easy one, though I was assisted by Achmet, the driver, with whom it became a standing joke to bring me an immense plant pulled up by the roots, and asked if it would do for my book. This vegetation is nourished by the powerful dew of night, which sometimes appears like a Scotch mist, and not unfrequently wetted my tent like a heavy shower of rain. I found in fact, the vegetation so much more abundant than I had been led to expect that I am induced to believe that the crops in the desert were better last year than usual. It must be borne in mind, however, that, as the summer advances, all this herbage becomes withered and scorched up, till at last we have a realization of the idea we had been accustomed to associate with the desert. But during the Spring the heat of the sun is so much modified by the clearness and elasticity of the atmosphere that it is rarely very oppressive. And as the thermometer was sometimes as low as forty during the night, I suffered in fact more from cold than from heat, at which, if any one had told me it beforehand, I should have been rather surprised. As little did I expect to find my Arabs so much better able to endure cold than myself, for while I, the native of the north, was shivering in my tent amid cloaks and plaids, they, the children of the sun, braved the cold night air with no other covering than a coarse sheet.

The Riddler.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY C. W. CONWAY.

I am composed of 28 letters.

My 18, 3, 1, 4, 26, 14, 28, 23, was an Emperor of the Roman Empire.

My 2, 6, 4, 13, 15, 19, 17, 25, 10, was a Grecian historian, whose history describes the wars of the Greeks against the Persians, from the age of Cyrus to the battle of Mycale.

My 13, 14, 2, 25, 7, was the successor of Artaxerxes Mnemon in the Persian Empire. He invaded Egypt, plundered the temples, and killed the priests. He was afterwards poisoned by his chief minister.

My 12, 19, 4, 26, 13, 5, 16, 25, 28, 10, was a Roman patrician and able warrior, who being banished from Rome, for proposing the abolition of the tribunate, retired to the Volsci, among whom he raised an army, and advanced to besiege Rome. Attacking the city, he probably would have conquered it, but he was turned from his purpose by the prayers and tears of his mother, wife, and children.

My 18, 9, 17, 16, 23, 21, 3, 7, 23, 13, was an illustrious poet of modern Italy. He spent a large portion of his life at Vienna enjoying the patronage of the sovereigns of Austria. He died at Vienna aged eighty-four.

My 1, 3, 10, 23, 26, 17, 9, 13, 4, 25, 23, was the historian of Ravenna, and tutor to Theodoric the Gothic king.

My 14, 27, 1, 2, 28, 10, was a king of Sais, who was killed by Sabbacon, a king of Ethiopia.

My 10, 19, 5, 13, 28, was an illustrious Grecian law giver, who was born at Salamis and educated at Athens.

My 5, 25, 1, 26, 5, 26, 28, 23, was an eminent Roman poet. He was born at Aurunca, and is considered as the first great satirical writer among the Romans.

My 18, 25, 17, 2, 4, 26, 8, 16, 17, 22, 23, was a powerful and warlike monarch whose dominions, (89 years B. C.) extended over Cappadocia, Bithynia, Thrace, Macedon and all Greece.

My 12, 16, 6, 7, 3, 4, was a celebrated Roman General, whose bravery and talents at the siege of Mytilene, were rewarded with a civic crown.

My 1, 4, 11, 17, 27, was celebrated for its hundred cities, and the laws of Minos established there.

My 14, 24, 18, 8, 16, 20, was a series of games instituted by the ancient Greeks, in honor of Hercules.

My 17, 6, 4, 21, 28, 5, 5, 26, 16, 11, was a learned Christian writer, who lived at Carthage, and flourished in the reigns of Severus and Caracalla.

My 1, 3, 17, 25, 5, 5, 28, 23, was the first Roman who imitated with success the Greek writers and introduced their numbers among the Latins.

My 16, 5, 3, 4, 26, 12, was a Gothic king, who penetrated into Italy, but was defeated by Stilicho, a famous warrior of the Western Empire near Pollentia, 403 B. C.

My 3, 16, 4, 11, 28, was one of Omer's generals, who by his order destroyed the famous library at Alexandria, consisting of 700,000 volumes.

My 17, 2, 27, 18, 26, 23, 21, 19, 12, 5, 8, 10, was an Athenian general.

My 18, 3, 4, 16, 17, 2, 11, 20, was a celebrated battle fought between the Greeks and Persians, 490 years B. C.

My 21, 16, 4, 24, 18, 28, 14, was a king of Rome and the successor of Servius Tullius. With him ended the monarchial form of government at Rome, 509 years B. C.

My whole was a distinguished French political philosopher.

CHARADE.

Dear is my first, when shadowy night is near;
But 'tis my second makes my first so dear;
My whole with decent care my first preserves,
And thus to be my second well deserves.

MATHEMATICAL QUESTION.

To try the mathematical skill of my boys, I sent them out to the level plain, telling them to lay off a piece of land in the shape of a right-angled triangle, whose area should be 24 acres, 27¼ perches, and it should measure once round the whole triangle and plus the longest of its sides 587½ perches. They returned having correctly performed their task. Can any of your higher mathematicians tell me the three sides of said triangle, each side separately?

HILDEBERTE COBLE.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is a man of an inconstant disposition like a lock and key that fit exactly?

Ans.—He is easily turned.

☞ Why is a schoolmaster whipping a boy for telling a falsehood like the god Apollo?

Ans.—He strikes a liar (lyre).

☞ Why is a liquor merchant like a man of perpetual vivacity?

Ans.—He is never out of spirits.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ENIGMAS.
Martin Van Buren.
William Oscar Fierce, New Haven, Ohio.

CHARADE—Po-tay-toe (*Potatoe.*)

PUZZLE.
1 2 3 4 5
3 4 5 1 2
5 1 2 3 4
2 3 4 5 1
4 5 1 2 3

Miscellaneous.

Pius Ninth and the Boar.—In the year 1794, the young Mastai Ferretti, then but a tender infant of the tender age of two, was reposing in his cradle in one of the vast *salons* of the ancient pallazzio of the family, at Sinegallia, where he first saw the light, at a period when Italy was distracted by the outbursts of the great French revolution. The chamber was deserted; the attendant nurse had stolen out to enjoy the society of some favorite *cicisbeo*, and naught resembling humanity remained in the apartment save the slumbering child and the figure of a sacred abbess, Notre Donna de la Scella, which frowned in awful sanctity from the walls. Suddenly a boar of enormous size entered the chamber, having made its way either wild from the adjacent hills, or from a recess adjoining, in which it had been detained by some members of the family, to afford the pleasure of a hunt on the subsequent day. The animal was naturally ferocious, and hunger had made it savage. It approached the cradle, and was on the point of seizing the child, awakened by its noise. The snout of the brute, it is said, was in contact with the cheek of the infant, and in another moment the child would have been borne off in its tusks, when suddenly a noise was heard, and the tapestry on which Notre Donna was emblazoned shook. Rumor, and probably truth, ascribed this to the romps of the nurse and her lover in the adjoining apartment, when a vase or statuate was accidentally overturned against the wall; but the pious, and amongst others the pope himself, as well as his mother, devoutly attributed it to the sainted interposition of the abbess; and the child raising a cry, the attendant hurried to the chamber, but a moment before the young hope of the house would have been devoured or borne off.—*Dolman's Magazine.*

A CHOCTAW WEDDING.

Having often been an eye witness to these weddings, I will endeavor to give, as near as possible a true account. In the first place, the girl is bought with a hog, or eight or ten yards of cloth—it does not make any difference what kind. Her uncle receives it; the parents have nothing to do with it; if she has no uncle, her brothers will receive the amount. The day is appointed, and notice is given to the relatives of the girl to make bread, one or two dozen *banaha*, whichever they prefer, and bring it with them. The night before it is all put together, and saved for the next day; then they all commence making "hog and hominy." Next morning the friends and relatives of the bridegroom all meet at a certain place and escort the groom to the house of the bride. When they get in sight of the house, the bride's friends take her by the hand, and run as "for life and death." The groom party coming up, find them gone; there are certain women of the party appointed to run after them, some eight or ten; the balance of the company run along also, for the fun of it, but must not interfere. Sometimes the bride's party gets such a start of them, the men run and head them, and chase them; they will then change their course in running, and then they are overtaken—and then such a scuffle between the women as you never heard of onsee—some will pull the girl, her friends will pull her back, and they will almost fight for her, until they finally give her up, when the groom's friends lead her back rejoicing.

But where is the groom all this time? When he arrives at the house he is shut up in it, he does not see any of the fun; they lead the girl into the yard, and set her down, his mother or sisters spreading something for her, such as a skin or cloth, and all the groom party throw something on her head,—beads, binding, handkerchiefs, or one or two yards of cloth—and those that make the bread, divide, or rather snatch, to see who can get the most. And then they lead her in where the groom is, and set her down by his side, and give them a bowl of *tahlodo* to eat, with one spoon, the groom taking the first mouthful—if the bride does not take a mouthful soon after, it is left untouched; the door also is closed on them, while the company at the same time are feasting out of doors, a certain man being appointed to dish out for them. The feasting being over, another scuffle follows, to bring the bride out of the house. Sometimes a weak door is broken down, and she is led out and set down in the yard, and the usual things, as before mentioned, are thrown on her head, and she is led back into the house. It occupies nearly all day; by this time the people disperse rejoicing. The groom stays all night, and very early, before the sun is up, he must run home. About nine or ten o'clock, the girl and some of her friends start to his home with a pan of *tahlodo*, having prepared it the day before. When they come in sight of the house, his mother or sisters meet her and lead her into the house. The husband must in all cases have a dress and a handkerchief ready for her, and his sisters give them to her. They then bring corn to her, and she must try her best what good *tafula* she can make. The near relatives present will make her some presents, and she returns home without him, but in the evening he goes to her home, and remains with her, if he chooses, at the same place or moves, if her friends are willing. So ends the wedding.—*Choctaw Telegraph.*

ANECDOTE OF WASHINGTON.

The following anecdote of Washington was told many years since; the name of the relator is not now recollected, but it is remembered that the connection of the individual with the events of the Revolution, was calculated to inspire confidence in its authenticity.

C. S., one of the contractors for supplying the American Army, then (1780) stationed at West Point, with fresh provisions, had, on several occasions, when the high price of cattle threatened to make the fulfilment of the terms of the contract not quite so lucrative as was by him originally calculated, failed to furnish the requisite supply, and, in lieu thereof, *ad interim*, gave to the Quarter Master of each regiment, a certificate, specifying that there was due to such regiment, so many rations of beef, &c. These certificates did pretty well for a while, and the privation was borne with characteristic patience by a soldiery accustomed to hardships, and ready to endure anything in the cause of liberty and their country. But even patience has its limits,—the cause of the omission became at last understood, and dissatisfaction manifested itself throughout the ranks. Remonstrances from the subordinate officers had been repeatedly made, and promises of amendment readily and repeatedly given, till at last finding that nothing but promises came, it was found necessary to complain to the Commander in Chief.

Washington, after hearing the story gave immediate orders for the arrest of Mr. S. Upon his being brought into camp, and placed under guard, the officer having him in charge waited upon the General to apprise him of the fact, and to inquire in what way and by whom the prisoner was to be fed.

"Give yourself no trouble, sir," said Washington, "the gentleman will be supplied from my table."

The several hours of breakfast, dinner and supper passed, but not a mouthful was furnished to the delinquent prisoner. On the ensuing day, at an early hour in the morning, a waiter in the livery of the General, was seen bearing upon a silver salver all the seeming requisites for a meal carefully covered, and wending his way to the prisoner's room. Upon raising the cover, besides the apparatus for breakfast, there was found nothing more than a certificate that "there was due to Mr. C. S. one breakfast, one dinner and one supper," and signed "*G. Washington.*"

After the lapse of a reasonable time, the delinquent was conveyed to head-quarters, when Washington, in his peculiarly significant and emphatic way, addressed him with:

"Well, Mr. S., I presume that by this time you are perfectly convinced how inadequate to satisfy the cravings of hunger is the certificate of a meal. I trust after this you will furnish no further occasion for complaint."

Then inviting Mr. S. to share in the meal to which he was just sitting down, he improved the lesson by some friendly admonitions and gave the order for his discharge.—*Metropolis.*

The Olio.

COMPLAINT AND REPROOF.

"How seldom, friend! a good great man inherits
  Honor or wealth, with all his worth and pains!
It sounds like stories from the land of spirits,
  If any man obtain that which he merits,
  Or any merit that which he obtains."

For shame, dear friend! renounce this canting strain!
What would'st thou have a good man to obtain?
Places—titles—salary—a gilded chain—
Or throne of corses which his sword hath slain?
  Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The great good man?—three treasures, love, and light,
  And calm thoughts, regular as infant breath;
And three firm friends, more sure than day and night,
  —Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death.

COLERIDGE.

The Common Watch.—The common watch is, in many of its parts, a very ill-constructed machine. The train of wheel work which transmits the motion of the mainspring, for example, is contrived on principles so faulty, that they would be scouted by every practised mechanician. Yet there can be no doubt that any attempt to introduce a better machine would utterly fail, as a commercial enterprise. Long used methods and ingenious engines have been specially provided to fashion and cut every one of the minuter parts which go to compose the existing instrument. Mr. Dent, in a lecture delivered at the Royal Institution, stated that every watch consisted of at least 202 pieces, employing probably 215 persons, distributed among forty trades—to say nothing of the tool-makers for all of these. If we were now materially to alter the construction of the watch, all these trades would have to be relearnt, new tools and wheel-cutting engines to be devised; and the majority of the workmen to begin life again. During this interval the price of the new instrument would be enormously enhanced. We should again hear men speak, like Malvolio, of 'winding up their watches,' as a token of magnificent wealth. Thus in our complicated state of society, even machines in process of time come to surround themselves with a circle of "vested interests," which embarrass all our attempts at improvement.—*Edinburgh Review.*

Gutta Percha.—A Liverpool correspondent of the Carlisle Journal, drawing attention to a peculiarity of gutta percha, says—"If a piece of sheet gutta percha be laid upon a table-cloth or silk handkerchief, and stroked quickly with the hand, and then lifted from the table, it emits brilliant flashes of electric light, and considerable sparks may be drawn from it by any conducting substance. The ease with which gutta percha is excited contrasts strongly with the difficulty of exciting glass and resinous substances, especially in damp atmosphere."

Bells Rung by Fog.—The idea of bells being rung by fog, however, is so singular, as to require an explanation of the mechanism employed. The apparatus which rings the bell is wound up and detained in a wound state by a lever extending from the machinery into the open air. To the end of this lever is affixed a large sponge, which absorbs the moisture from the fog, and by becoming heavy settles down the lever, lets the machinery free, and thus rings the bell. A cover is placed just above the sponge to prevent absorption of rain.

Agricultural.

EXPERIMENT IN WIRE FENCING MAKING.

During the last fall I constructed 104 rods of wire fence in the following manner: I placed red cedar posts one rod apart, the posts being sawed about 3½ inches square at the bottom, and 3½ by 2 inches at the top, and set firmly in the ground to the depth of 2½ feet. I then bored holes through the posts with a ¼ inch bit—the upper one 4½ feet from the ground, and then 9, 8½, 7½, and 6 inches below, using five wires. Five inches wide (with a short post in the centre to which I nailed the board) which comes near enough to the ground. I then drew the wires through the posts and strained them by means of a lever, one end of which I stuck into the ground. I then looped the end of the wire around the lever near the ground, and, while one is drawing upon the top of the lever, I plug the hole tight with pins of red cedar, previously prepared. I usually strained the wires 15 or 20 rods at a time, then spliced the wires by looping and twisting the ends, and proceeded in like manner again. After the wires are in and the boards on, I take pieces of wires of the right length, and make one end fast to the upper wire, and then wind it round the wires below till I come to the board, through which I bore a hole and fasten the lower end of the wire; three of these wires between each two posts, thus fastening it all together.

The upper and lower wires are No. 10, and the others No. 11. I bought my wire of Messrs. Pratt & Co., of Buffalo, at $7,50 per hundred. The five wires weighed 355 pounds. The wire that I used to weave in up and down was No. 16, and cost 10 cents per pound; it took 25 pounds. My posts I bought in the log (pretty large ones) at $12 per cord; one cord made 105 posts, the number used.—It took 2,000 feet of hemlock boards, which I reckon at $7 a thousand. The sawing of the posts was $2 25. The cost foot up as follows:

355 pounds of wire at 7¼ cents	$25 02
25 pounds of wire at 10 cents	2 50
1 cord of red cedar posts	12 00
2,000 feet boards at $7	14 00
Sawing posts	2 25
Making the cost of materials	$55 77

Which, being divided by 104, the number of rods of fence made, gives 53⅝ cents as the cost per rod—aside from nails, of which I kept no account.

Some of your numerous readers may be anxious to know whether such fence will answer the purpose in all cases. I can only say that mine is a road fence, and that, when it was built there was a good crop of pumpkins lying in the field along side, where they grew, and that notwithstanding many cattle and hogs made the attempt at them they did not succeed; and my short experience goes far to convince me that no cattle, hogs, or fowls will get over or through it.

D. KINGMAN.

Ridgeway, N. Y., January 1849.

CURING BACON WITHOUT SMOKE.

FROM THE LOUISVILLE JOURNAL.

To make the best bacon, fat your hogs early and fat them well. By fattening early you make a great saving in food, and well-fattened pork makes better bacon than "lean" pork. Then kill as early as the weather will allow, and salt as soon as the animal heat is gone, with plenty of the purest salt and about half an ounce of saltpetre to one hundred pounds of pork.

As soon as the meat is salted to your taste, which will generally be in about five weeks, take it out, and, if any of it has been covered with brine, let it drain a little. Then take good black pepper finely ground, and dust on the flesh side, and on the hock end, as much as will stick; then hang it up in a good, clean, dry, airy place; if all this is done as it should be (it ought to be done now) you will have no further trouble with it, for by fly time in the Spring your bacon is so well cured or dried on the outside that flies or bugs will not disturb it.

Curing bacon is a little like the Irishman's mode of making punch. He said—put in the sugar, then fill up with whiskey, and every drop of water you put in after that spoils the punch." Just so with curing bacon; after following the directions given above, every "drop" of smoke you put about it "spoils" the bacon.

D. S.

MARKS OF A GOOD WORKING OX.

Mr. Asa G. Sheldon, of Williamstown, who has great experience in cattle, particularly in working oxen, and is regarded as the best authority, gives the following:

Long head, broad and oval between the eyes; the eye full, keen and pleasant. Such marks denote ability to receive instruction and a readiness to obey. The short faced ox starts quick at the whip and soon forgets it. The black eyed ox is inclined to run away. An ox with very large horns near the head is apt to be lazy, and he cannot endure heat well.

Forward legs straight; toes straight forward; hoof broad, not peaked; the distance short between the ankle and knee. These properties enable an ox to travel on pavement and hard ground. If the ox toes out, the strain comes on the inside claw, and when travelling on a hard road, he will be lame at the joint between the hoof and the hair. When the toes turn out the knees bend in. An ox with crooked knees is apt to become lame by holding heavy loads down hill.

Breast full; straight on the back; round ribs, projecting out as wide as the hip bones. These are indications of strength and a good constitution.—*Monthly Visiter.*

TOP DRESSING.

Messrs. Editors.—The articles that have appeared in your valuable paper of late, on the application of manures, have been interesting and instructive. It is a subject worthy of still farther investigation, and I should like to hear from more of our best farmers, with their experiments and facts, both in favor of top dressing as well as turning under. But some of the articles bring to mind my school boy days, with the story of the Camelion; and I have thought, whether the remark "you are all right and all are wrong," might not apply in this case. This is the query with me—whether there is not a middle ground to be taken, that is more safe than either of the extremes? I think, it will be generally admitted that manure may be applied on the surface, in decomposed, well-pulverized compost, or moist grass-land with clay, or clay and gravel subsoil, to good advantage. I also believe there are cases where it would be better to plough it in, and mix it well with the soil. For instance, a field that is ploughed for corn, and to be seeded to grass with oats, or other grain, the following spring; or even if the land is to be kept several years in hoed crops; I think the land will be kept in better condition, and produce more profit to the farmer, to plough in his manure, rather than to apply it on the surface, or in the hill.—*Boston Cultivator.*

Smoking Potatoes for the Rot.—I have been informed by a gentleman of my acquaintance, that he had stopped his potatoes from rotting by smoking them. After the potatoes were dug and placed in the cellar, (an out door cellar) he built a smoke and continued it eight or ten days, when the affected part dried up, and the rest of the potatoes remained sound and good through the winter. The remedy was discovered by placing fire in an unfinished cellar, to prevent the vegetables from freezing—immediately after which it was found that the potatoes had stopped rotting. He says he has tried the experiment for two or three years past, and has never known it to fail of arresting the disease immediately.—*Correspondent Albany Cultivator.*

Happy Old Farmer.—Said a venerable old farmer of eighty years to a relation on a visit to him: "I have lived on this farm more than half a century. I have no desire to change my residence, I have no wish to be any richer than I now am. I have worshipped the God of my fathers with the same people more than forty years. During that period I have scarcely ever been absent from the sanctuary on the Sabbath, and I have never lost more than one communion season. I have never been confined to a bed of sickness for a single day. The blessings of God have been richly spread around me, and I have made up my mind long ago, that, if I wished to be happier, I must have more religion than I have at present."

A Freak of Nature.—A communication in the Boston Courier, from the late editor of that paper, states that Mr. William Carter, of Cambridge, has a healthy and well-formed calf, having a coat of wool instead of hair! There is no perceptible difference in the appearance of the animal's hide from that of a sheep of the same age. Like the sheep, the face and the lower part of the legs are covered with short and not very pliant hair; the rest of the body has a covering of wool, which, to all appearance, may afford as liberal a fleece as a true Saxon or Merino.

American Oranges.—The Mobile Herald says that, since the destructive hurricane in Cuba a few years since, the Mobile fruit market had been supplied chiefly with Creole oranges now raised in that neighborhood, Pascagoula, and on the "coast" near New Orleans. These oranges are generally larger than those raised in the neighborhood of Havana, and much superior in flavor. The Herald contends that a number of locations might be selected on the Bay and neighboring islands. It instances the case of a person who realizes from $800 to $1,000 annually from about thirty orange trees cultivated in a garden some miles South of that city. The fruit is said to be delicious, and of most exquisite flavor.

☞ Mr. E. Forbes, of Bridgewater, informs us that he has a cow which produced last season one hundred and five pounds of cheese and one hundred and three pounds of butter, from the middle of May to the last of January. He also supplied his family of from three to five persons, with milk from the same cow. His cheese was set as soon as the milk came from the cow.—*Mass. Ploughman.*

Science and Art.

Infinity of the Firmament.—The assumption that the extent of the starry firmament is literally infinite, has been made by one of the greatest of the astronomers, the late Dr. Olbers, the basis of the conclusion that the celestial spaces are, in some slight degree, deficient in *transparency*; so that all beyond a certain distance is, and must remain forever, unseen; the geometrical progression of the extinction of light far outrunning the effect of any conceivable increase in the power of our telescopes. Were it not so, it is argued, every part of the celestial concave ought to shine with the brightness of the solar disc, since no visual ray could be so directed as not, in some point or other of its infinite length, to encounter such a disc.—*Edinburg Review.*

England the Centre of the Earth.—If we divide the globe into two hemispheres, according to the maximum extent of land and water in each, we arrive at the curious result of designating England as the centre of the former or terrene half, an antipodal point near New Zealand as the centre of the aqueous hemisphere. The exact position in England is not far from the Land's End; so that if an observer were there raised to such height as to discern at once the half of the globe, he would see the greatest possible extent of land—it similarly elevated in New Zealand, the greatest possible surface of water.—*Quarterly Review.*

Accidental Discovery of the Calotype.—Mr. Fox Talbot's discovery of the Calotype was somewhat the result of accident; he had prepared papers in a variety of ways, and only exposed them for a certain limited time in the camera; these were thrown aside in a drawer, and left as failures; but he was surprised to find, on examining one or two which had been washed with gallic acid, that perfect pictures had appeared of the objects at which the camera had been directed.

Freezing Mixtures.—The theory of freezing mixtures is deduced from the doctrine of latent caloric. There are mixtures of saline substances, which, at the common temperature, by their mutual chemical action, pass rapidly into the fluid form, or are capable of being rapidly dissolved in water, and, by this quick transition to fluidity, absorb caloric, and produce degrees of cold more or less intense.—*Encyclopedia Metropolitana.*

Advertisements.

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WRIGHT'S INDIAN Vegetable PILLS

Sick Headache. Costiveness. Dyspepsia. Liver Complaint. Spasms. Diarrhœa. Dysentery. Summer Complaint. Chills and Fever. Jaundice. Biliousness. Female Complaints. Eruptions of the Skin. Erysipelas. Flatulence. Palpitation of the Heart. Giddiness. Scrofula.

The above among the manifold shapes which disease assumes, springing from the same root or cause in a depraved state of the fluids of the body, have all yielded to the power of this extraordinary medicine. In nothing, however, is the verity of our theory and practice better established than in the success which attends the use of this medicine in the diseases incident to the summer and fall. When every nerve, apparently, is relaxed, and the whole body unstrung by the influence of heat and capricious changes of weather, it is then that those poisonous gases are generated which result in Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cholera, and kindred disorders. And, however contradictory it may appear, no anodyne, no neutralizing mixture, no cordial or potent in existence yields more speedy and effectual relief than do these Pills in those disorders. The reason is obvious. While your anodynes, &c., merely lull the powers of nature in a dangerous repose, from which they awake but to exert themselves with even more violence than before, these Pills utterly expel the *offending cause itself*, and thus make effectual the work they undertake to perform. The reason may be seen in a remarkable manner in another light. A too rapid motion of the vital organs is equally unnatural as a too slow motion. The one comes from a too great flow of bile, which is deficient in the latter case. Now, whether to correct the one or to remove the other, the use of this medicine is of equal service. The object to be gained in both is to restore the equilibrium of the system. We could establish our position by a host of certificates, but this we deem unnecessary.

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JAUNDICE, DYSPEPSIA, CHRONIC OR NERVOUS DEBILITY, DISEASE OF THE KIDNEYS, *and all diseases arising from a disordered Liver or Stomach in either male or female.*

Such as Constipation, Inward Piles, Fulness or Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heart-burn, Disgust for Food, Fulness or weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried and Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or webs before the sight, Fever and dull pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, &c., Sudden flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginings of evil and great depression of Spirits can be effectually cured by

DOCTOR HOOFLAND'S
CELEBRATED GERMAN BITTERS.

Their power over the above diseases is not excelled, if equalled, by any other preparation in the United States, as the cures attest, in many cases after skilful physicians had failed.

DERANGEMENT OF THE LIVER AND STOMACH are sources of insanity, and will also produce disease of the *Heart, Skin, Lungs, and Kidneys*, and lays the body open to an attack of the *Cholera, Bilious, or Yellow Fever*, and is generally the first cause of that most baneful disease, *Consumption*.

OPINIONS OF THE PHILADA. PRESS.

The Dispatch, December 31st says:—"AN INVALUABLE MEDICINE.—We have frequently heard the Celebrated German Bitters, manufactured by Dr. Hoofland, spoken of in terms of commendation, and we know them to be [illegible]. It is a too common practice, in certain quarters, to puff all manner of useless trash, but in the case of the above Bitters, hundreds are witnesses of their great moral and physical worth.—As a medicine for the Liver Complaint, Jaundice, Nervous Debility and Dyspepsia, it has been found invaluable, effecting cures and thoroughly eradicating diseases, when all other medicines have failed. We feel convinced, that in the use of the German Bitters, the patient does not become debilitated, but constantly gains strength and vigor to the frame—a fact worthy of great consideration. The Bitters are pleasant in taste and smell, and can be administered under any circumstances to the most delicate stomach. Indeed, they can be used by all persons with the most perfect safety. It would be well for those who are much affected in the nervous system, to commence with one tea-spoonful or less, and gradually increase. We speak from experience, and are, of course, a proper judge. The press far and wide, have united in recommending the German Bitters, and to the afflicted we most cordially advise their use."

READ THE FOLLOWING:

It is from one of our first druggists—the proprietor of the "Medicated Worm Syrup."

Philadelphia, Nov. 22d, 1848.

Dear Sir.—It is with much pleasure that I testify to the extraordinary virtues of your German Bitters, having sold largely of them these last few months to various persons, afflicted with Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, and Debility of the Nervous System. I can say conscientiously, that they are the best article of the kind I have ever sold, (and I deal in all the popular medicines) and I consider it the only medicine for the above diseases before the public.

I have never sold one bottle that has not given satisfaction, and brought forth the commendation of those who used it.

I deem this my duty both to you as the proprietor of this highly valuable article, and to those afflicted with the above complaints, that they may know of its curative properties and to enable them to select the good from the various articles with which our market is flooded. With much respect, I remain yours, &c.,

J. N. HOBENSACK, Druggist,
Corner of Second and Coates streets.

Can stronger testimony be adduced by any Preparation before the public? A single bottle will convince any one of their power over disease. They are ENTIRELY VEGETABLE, and will permanently destroy the most obstinate costiveness, and will give strength and vigor to the frame, at no time debilitating the patient; being also grateful to the most delicate stomach under any circumstances.

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